

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE
AND

Musical Repository.

JUNE, 1802.

ON LOVE AND FREINDSHIP.



FRIENDSHIP may rapidly ripen into love, but love requires a length of time before it can soften into friendship. A thousand gradations must mark a diminution of the interesting emotions of the heart which are wholly different to those of a mental nature. The cold respect of Friendship is an insult to the memory of Love ; for the despot, who " rules a tyrant if he rules at all," having once been in possession of unbounded sway, will not condescend to become a pensioner on the mental charity of his vassal, till the reign of dominion is recommenced by a new source of triumphs, and another object occupies the mournful vacuum, which is still aching in the bosom. — Men may talk of sober friendship growing out of deeply-rooted love : it is a fine romantic species of sophistry, invented by caprice to sooth the victims of a deluded faith ; a pleasing, placid mask, calculated to conceal the sickening features of disgust, and to cheat the senses with a shadow of that passion, which time and the fickleness of folly have completely vanquished.

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ZELOMIR:

(Continued from page 304.)

IN those days of ignorance, medicine, which even at this enlightened period is scarcely out of its infancy, was unknown. The leaches, (for so physicians were at that time called), without instruction, study, or experience, half sorcerers and half quacks, treated at hazard every disease, and with the strangest drugs, and the most capricious practice, continually opposed the operations of nature. Some diseases under their hands were always mortal, and the small pox was particularly of this number. This distemper, which the unhappy crusaders were about to bring from Asia, and with it infect all the rest of Europe, had already committed its ravages in Hungary for more than half a century. Erroneously defined under twenty different names, neither known nor investigated, treated with the utmost extravagance, and regarded sometimes as an incurable plague, and at other times as the fatal effect of secret witchcraft, it deprived the patient, on its attack, of every glimpse of hope. In vain during the eighth century, had it ravaged the whole of Spain—in vain had the inhabitants of some parts of Asia succeeded, by voluntary communication, in arresting the progress and destroying the effects of this scourge of mankind: ignorance, murderous ignorance, had rendered the lessons useless both of example and of experience.—The ravages of the small pox were undiminished: hardly two patients out of a hundred escaped its malignity: thus was it dreaded above every thing, and the person whom it attacked was abandoned with a species of horror—was regarded as a being devoted to death, and the care of every one was only how to escape from the fatal contagion. Ulric no sooner became acquainted with the nature of the disorder with which his daughter was seized, than he determined to leave her immediately. He had caught it himself in his youth, and had escaped from it almost miraculously; he still dreaded it—terror was natural to his mind, and the parent was not sufficiently strong within him to overcome it. Adela re-

mained fixed to the bedside of her daughter, resolved to save her or to expire with her. Alberti, whom humanity and compassion interested with anxiety in favour of the two princesses, threw himself at the feet of Ulric, "My liege," said he, "send not here your ignorant leaches—confide in me—let me be answerable for your daughter—let my head be the surety for her recovery. Leave this pestiferous air—return to your palace; couriers shall every hour convey to you an account of your child: under the eyes of a mother and her attendants, and protected by the officers of your household, what danger will she run in being intrusted to me? Confide her to me, I conjure you—as you wish to save her existence, confide her to my care."

Ulric, eager to escape from personal danger, and to be at as great a distance from the distemper as possible, was not sorry at finding this opportunity of separating himself from his daughter all the time he might consider it necessary. He therefore left with Alberti the princesses, their female attendants, and a part of his suite, and arriving at Alba Græca, still feared that he was not far enough divided from his child.

Toreslaw also dreaded this distemper; he had never had it, and was so much the more attached to life, as success had ever attended his crimes: and he looked forward with the hope of being still more prosperous. The wicked are always cowards; they may appear bold, even desperate, when excited by any violent motive of interest; but let that motive be wanting, and they tremble: it is this distinction which too frequently escapes the observer. Toreslaw therefore approved the determination of Ulric. He was so far from seeing any danger for himself by the princesses residing among the obscure peasants, men which he regarded as half civilized, that he entertained not the least idea of recalling them; he only resolved to send two of Ulric's principal physicians. Alberti received them with politeness, but relying on the consent he had obtained from Ulric, and still more on the confidence of Adela, he withheld Rosisla from their attendance, and the two leaches hunted and otherwise amused themselves during the sickness of their intended patient, contented with the pleasing idea, that if the child should die, they might throw the blame

upon Alberti; and if, on the contrary, she should recover, they might arrogate the honour of the cure to themselves.

Alberti, instructed by the travels of his youth, by frequent observation on the recitals made by other travellers, and on the sick themselves, by a theory founded on good sense, and divested of every prejudice, and by the practice which his humanity continually exercised—Alberti, who, firm in his principles, and following the example of the Georgians and Circassians, had before dared to give his pupil this terrible disorder, now treating Rosilla with that superiority of skill which modern practitioners have but lately attained, rendered himself master of the destructive venom, and even saved her beauty.

But whose imagination can depict the inquietude, the tender cares, the incredible attention of the young Stephen? it was not a page of fifteen years old waiting on an infant of ten—Stephen never quitted the chamber of Rosilla for a moment, and it was soon perceived how useful he was to her; no one could replace him: his eyes continually fixed on Alberti or on Rosilla, watching what the one suffered, what the other prescribed—preventing wants, wishes, orders with delicacy, skill, care, and invaluable activity—diverting with a thousand amusing trifles the pain of Rosilla, who would not receive any thing except from him or her mother, and who, calling him her ever dear Stephen, would not suffer him to be from her presence, He astonished Adela—he even surprized Alberti. At the same time, both these children were too young for the supposition that any other cause, except the extreme sensibility of his excellent heart, actuated the cares of the young Stephen. Alberti with pleasure beheld in his pupil these proofs of a benevolent disposition, and frequently lost in ideas which the present moment offered him, all sight of his plans for futurity.

Rosilla had not been in the least actual danger; but as she was extremely weakened by her malady, her convalescence was necessarily long. The two physicians of Ulric departed for Alba Græca, where they loudly boasted of the extraordinary cure which they had performed. Ulric, not being willing for a considerable time to see the objects of his fear, and believing that six months at least were necessary to destroy entirely the principle of contagion, con-

demned the princesses to this long exile in the house of the two Stephens.

What did I say—condemned them?—Never was the situation of Adela so delightfully tranquil; her confidence and her gratitude to Alberti did not permit her to conceal from him her afflictions; and he whose generosity and sensibility no prepossession ever blinded, sincerely lamented the lot of Adela, and employed all the resources of reason and humanity to console and strengthen her.

Rosisla was likewise become his scholar; Adela had earnestly desired that she might profit, by her residence with Alberti, in the cultivation of her mind by his instructions. Lessons given by him were pleasures; and the eagerness of the young Stephen is not to be conceived, who, far more advanced than Rosisla, endeavoured to render every thing which she had to learn, clear and easy to her. The little vanity of displaying to that amiable child all that he himself had learned—the desire of pleasing, which taught him to render the most abstract studies entertaining—the secret sentiment which at that age is indeed not love, but which so closely resembles it, and so well announces it—all together rendered the progress of Rosisla rapid, easy, and agreeable.

Alberti could not but be astonished at the situation in which he was placed; but too superior to accidents, to suffer himself to give way even to sentiments the most pure, compelled his sensibility to listen to his reason.

"How wonderful is this chain of circumstances," said he to himself.—"By what prodigy does the friend, and the son of Lodonor and Guislande lavish their cares—attach themselves by every sensation of the heart to the wife and to the daughter of the usurper of their territories—of the murderer of their family! Ought I to deliver myself to the direction of this impulse? Ought I to suffer Zelomir to submit to it?—Why not? Guislande and Lodonor are no more: I am no longer Alberti—this boy is no longer Zelomir—it is Stephen—it is my son! Are these unhappy princesses the cause of the crimes of Toreslaw? Their virtues command esteem—their suffering excite pity. Why then should I refuse to feel for them? Enough; my remembrance becomes prejudice—humanity and assistance are duties which the man of feel-

ing must not refuse to the unhappy. Let us, therefore, without reserve, deliver ourselves up to these tender and lively emotions—let us forget Zelomir and Alberti, and be wholly and always the humane and obscure Stephens."

His reason thus according with his sentiment, Alberti yielded himself, without scruple and without remorse, to the generous cares which the best of mothers, and the most interesting of infants, required of him. The more he lived with them, the more he attached himself to them, and felt how painful the separation would be to him. Zelomir could not think of it without weeping, while the rapid days which hurried on this dreaded departure, rolled away like a happy dream. Sports and labours, the tender instructions of Alberti, and the affecting attentions of Adela, were all in common between the two children. That unfortunate princess indulged the imagination that she had acquired a son; and as the most afflicted surrender with the greatest facility to soft illusions, Adela, equally caressed by her daughter, and by the charming page (who believed that in her he had found that mother, of whom he still retained some recollection); Adela, who had never known the pride of her rank, and whose heart was formed for attachment, separated no longer these two lovely beings in her affections.

Six months, the determined period of the exile of the two princesses, and of the fears of Ulric, were almost elapsed. Adela and her daughter, who knew no happiness but since their residence with Alberti, regarded with sorrow the approaching moment of their return to Alba Græca: the youthful Stephen had lost all his gaiety, while Rosista, throwing herself on her mother's neck, said to her, "My dear mother, you are full of grief, and so am I. Must I leave my little Stephen, and his good father, who has so well instructed me? Alas! who then shall comfort you—who will continue to give lessons to me?—I wish to learn, my dear mother, but unless Stephen and his father teach me, I am very sure I shall never learn one word. Why cannot they go with us? My father can have no objection, for it was the father of my page who saved my life: cannot he remain with you, my dear mother, as your physician and cannot my Stephen still be my page? I am sure that may be."—Then embracing her mother,

and earnestly kissing her cheeks, she exclaimed. "Pray, pray let it be so—your little Rosiska would be so glad, so happy!"

Adela did not require the solicitations of this amiable infant to form the wish: it had been long the subject of her contemplative hopes; but the reason and philosophy of Alberti, his disinterestedness, and his want of ambition, had made her fear, that every species of inducement which she could offer would be inefficacious. How indeed could she expect to prevail on a sage like Alberti to sacrifice the tranquillity and the peace he enjoyed, amid the pleasing occupations to which he had determined his pursuits, for a residence in an agitated court, in the suite of an unfortunate woman, exposing himself to a participation of her troubles; and not only himself, but the younger Stephen also? How should she find courage to propose to this tender and prudent father, to abandon his system of education, and to lead his son into the midst of dissipation and corruption. Adela did not conceal from her reflections any of these obstacles, but, urged by the necessity she felt of retaining a comforter, support, a friend, and solicited repeatedly by Rosiska, who could not bear the idea of parting absolutely from her amiable page, Adela dared to hope that compassion would obtain a sacrifice from Alberti, which no other motive would have power to induce him to make.

"Generous Stephen," said she to him, "I have concealed from you none of the sorrows which prey upon my heart; I have received your consolation—and further, your kindness has habituated my mind to seek its repose in your reason. I cannot now be without such a resource of comfort, if you now abandon me, I must become more miserable than I was before I knew you.—Can you let me depart alone, unsupported, a prey to my miserable lot?—Follow me, follow my child—for pity's sake follow us to Alba Græca. Your generous soul must make us this sacrifice to us. I do not mention to you the advancement of your fortune, or elevation of your son, for I know that these things are beneath you; but you are compassionate, you have already had compassion on my sufferings—in the name of that estimable sentiment, I implore you not to leave me,"—"Ah! madam, what is this which you request

of me?" replied Alberti. "I and my son at your court!"

"Yes; it is misfortune beseeching attention from sensibility. Generous and excellent man, do not refuse me: aid me to disregard difficulties of my destiny, and let me owe to you the further obligations of those efforts by which alone I can hope for success."

"Forgive me, madam," returned the astonished Alberti; "your esteem is dear to me—I am interested for your misfortunes, and flattered by your friendship; but my situation in life requires that I should reflect on what you propose to me. Alas! my heart and the services which I am anxious to render you, already have too much influence over me. I request of you time to revolve in my mind a step on which depends, not my personal tranquillity alone—that I would willingly sacrifice to you—but perhaps the very existence of a son who is dearer to me than myself, and to whom, beyond every thing, my efforts are due"

Alberti retired—tears, for he could not conceal his inward agitation, starting from his eyes. Presently after he met Rodzla, who, with cheeks stained with undissembled sorrow, said to him, "My beloved instructor, must we then leave you?—my poor little Stephen is full of sorrow, and as for me, see, do but see how I weep—take pity on me, and my dear mother—now do take pity on us."

The tender heart of Alberti did not require so urgent an appeal to be sensible of the most sincere emotions. He left her, and bent his steps towards the thickest part of the forest, that he might restore to his reason the calm it so much required, and that he might deliver himself up entirely to the most profound and important reflections.

Every thing at first determined him not to change his purposes with regard to his plans for the life and conduct of Zelomir: but he soon began to mistrust the sources of his former reasonings. What right, said he, have I to regulate the destiny of Zelomir, according to the small impulse of personal ambition by which my own desires are determined. Am I authorised to shut the door against him, which fortune seems to set open for him? Ought I, for the sake of my philosophical system, to withhold from him the means of profiting by this concatenation of circumstances, which is hitherto astonishing, and which incline

towards his return to that rank, which was possessed by his ancestors? Were he my own son, my choice might possibly be right, and I might be warranted in my determination: but for Zelomir, I must follow the supposed determinations of Lodonor and of Guislande; theirs might have been, however directed by prejudice,—granted; the more ought I to be persuaded that they would disapprove of the private station to which I am condemning their son. They without doubt, would desire to behold him on the road to honour, rendering himself famous among the warriors of the age, and endeavouring to re-assume those rights which an usurper has seized: they would wish him to become—dare I oppose their wishes?—Besides, on the other hand, why need I fear to entrust with power, a philosopher of my own formation? So seldom is reason beheld commanding the human race, that—No, no, Zelomir has nought to fear—even, in a court. It is rather a trial to which I ought to lead him. What shall have taught him to tremble for his virtue, whenever he may be compelled to leave this solitude, where it is easily sustained.—Hesitate no longer, Alberti; it is again thy duty to sacrifice thy peculiar inclinations, to the interest of Zelomir, and to those unfortunate princesses who require thy aid.”

It is possible that tenderness of soul triumphed over philosophy at this moment, but it's victory was supported by reason. However devoted to a recluse and studious life, Alberti could not fortify his heart from the attacks of generosity and sensibility. Whatever were the reflections of cold prudence, still an irresistible attraction loosened his resolves from their determined tenor of tranquillity; and the result of this useless mental contention, was his consent to what Adela so ardently desired.

He at the same time considered that no risk of discovery remained: the absence of all those who had known him at Alba Græca: the different draughts to the crusades which had taken place, of all those who were able to bear arms; the slender communication which he had ever had with the inhabitants during his residence in the palace: the number of years which had intervened since his disgrace: the changes of fashion: the thickness to which he had suf-

ferred his beard to grow, instead of wearing it short according to the custom of Italy: all these added to the wrinkles of age, were sufficient securities against his being recognized. Zelomir ran even less hazard than he did. He therefore, at the expiration of a few days, resolved to give Adela the favourable answer she so much desired. That unfortunate princess, penetrated with gratitude, demonstrated her thankfulness in tears of joy, and the tender Rosisla delighted, kissed with a sudden and involuntary impulse the hand of the affected old man, and flew to inform her beloved page of the happiness which awaited them both.

A great difficulty still remained: it was the consent of Ulric, or rather of Toreslaw: that restless and jealous minister might see with discontent the favour bestowed on the two Stephens. Fortune removed this obstacle, and the proposal came from Toreslaw himself.

The two physicians of the court had, as we have already shewn, on their arrival at Alba Græca boasted of the rapid, and, at that period, miraculous cure of Rosisla: but envy, which never loses its opportunity of doing mischief, soon made them repent of their imposture. Those attendants of Ulric, who were left with the princesses, had been witnesses of the cares of Alberti, and of his refusal to receive the two physicians: they had written this account to their friends; they had spoken of it to all their acquaintance; and these reports, extending themselves throughout the city, while they rendered the two doctors of Ulric ridiculous, elevated the reputation of Alberti's skill in medicine to the highest degree. The more the ravages of the small pox were violent, frequent, and cruel, the more anxious became the general desire of having at Alba Græca this excellent physician; for such he was considered, and it may be imagined that Toreslaw himself would be interested in this public inclination: he conceived it an indispensable object, to have so skilful a man near and attached to him: besides he regarded both the father and the son without mistrust; for of what apparent consequence to him was either the absence or the presence of a country physician and his offspring? He therefore advised Ulric, that he ought generously to recompence the person who had saved the life of his daugh-

tor; and consequently, that he ought to call him to court, and there bestow on him the place of chief physician. Ulric approved of this idea: every body, except the two disgraced doctors, applauded it: they had lost their titles and their appointments, and having the audacity to murmur their discontent too loud, Toreslaw took care to narrow the sphere of their complaints by imprisonment.

A courier was dispatched immediately to Alberti, with an invitation to him, from Ulric, to accompany the princesses to Alba Græca, and full power was given to Adela to regulate the conditions of his acceptance.

So eagerly was the arrival of this excellent physician desired at the capital, and so much was his refusal apprehended, through the remarks of some officers belonging to the princesses, concerning his disinterestedness and want of ambition, that Toreslaw determined to destroy all difficulties at once. He sent to Adela, to whom the negotiation was committed, a blank order signed by Ulric, and underneath by Toreslaw, and sealed with the great seal of the state, in order that the physician might fill it with his own terms, and that he might have no pretence to reject the request of Ulric, or to delay his compliance.

The astonishment of Adela was extreme on the receipt of these dispatches: "Heaven," said she to Alberti, "ceases to overwhelm me by its rigour: my persecutors themselves accomplish my wishes. Behold, generous man! how I am commanded to act towards you—how earnestly the possession of your talents is desired! my gratitude must be, must ever be your recompense: no other I know can accord with the dignity of your mind. Nevertheless my duty obliges me to put into your hands, the order with which I am charged. Fill it, Stephen—all my fear is, least your disinterestedness refuse the advantages which are offered, or should not sufficiently value the obligations, which I, which Ulric"—Alberti, although his surprise was not less than that of Adela, and who was at the same time particularly astonished at his extensive reputation as a physician, and at the new situation which it bestowed upon him, refused not to obey the summons; and fearing to afflict Adela by appearing to disdain the gifts in her power, he took the order, but without any intention of filling it up. He only wrote an answer

to Toreslaw, in which he acknowledged the favour bestowed on him, and accepted the honour done him, but with the positive refusal of all title, and of all establishment which might fetter his liberty; assuring them that he would with pleasure devote himself to those services which appeared to be expected from his feeble understanding; but that he would accept nothing, absolutely nothing; his personal fortune being sufficient for him. The only favour he asked, without which he would not appear at court, was the liberation and re-establishment of the two physicians, of whose disgrace he had been the cause, in refusing to admit them to their patient, whom they would probably have cured, he said, as well as he had done. Toreslaw, to whom the fate of the two physicians was totally indifferent, shrugged up his shoulders at such a request, and granted it without trouble: and as the generosity, benevolence, and delicacy of the man of probity, are without scruple rendered profitable by such men as Toreslaw, that minister made himself not in the least uneasy concerning the establishment of the new physician, whose easiness rather augmented his desire of having him speedily at court.

Alberti, before he had even accepted a residence in the palace, declared that he would not separate himself from hisson, and demanded for him the rank of one of the pages of the court: Zelomir, who had acted in that capacity during six months, continued it without interruption, even during the journey of the princesses on their return to Alba Græca, as he accompanied them, together with Alberti: and both of them were lodged in the palace on the very evening of their arrival.

Alberti had, in quitting his retreat, still felt many painful returns of reflection; but the reasons which had determined his resolution, did not permit him to recede, and the opening which offered itself to the fortunes of Zelomir, made him pursue his determination with courage.

Alberti had carried his views far into futurity: he had been struck with the innocent inclinations manifested for each other by two children: he had admired the virtues of Adela, and the happy disposition of Rosisla: he was not of the number of those who, considering crimes as heredita-

ry, revenge on children the errors of their parents: besides Ulric was not the real culpable person: Toreslaw had alone conceived and executed every thing. Rosisla did not appear to him unworthy of Zelomir: he considered that this charming princess might perhaps one day replace the son of Lodonor on the throne of his ancestors, and besides bring him as a dowry the whole kingdom of Temesvar: he considered that she might do still more, since by her virtues, her mind, and her graces, she might render him the most happy of men. He therefore determined to suffer himself to be directed by the course of events, without endeavouring to oppose what this concatenation of incredible circumstances appeared to be preparing; and without any foresight of the means by which these vague and uncertain ideas might be realized, it was sufficient that he saw in them no danger for Zelomir, and that of itself decided him to deliver up his hopes to all the chances of futurity.

On his arrival at Alba Græca, the blank order which he had received from Adela fell under his attention, and his first design was to restore it immediately; but, destined as he now was to live amid envy and malevolence, knowing Toreslaw, and dreading the worst from his perfidy and cruelty, he thought it prudent to preserve this valuable order, by which he could parry any unforeseen misfortune, arising from disgrace, of which Zelomir might become the victim. However, as it was not to be supposed that it would be suffered to remain in his hands without his being required to make use of it, he went to Toreslaw, and persisting in his refusal to receive either title or pension, and rejecting with disdain the offers that were made him, he threw scornfully a folded paper similar to that which he had received from Adela, into the midst of the flames, and thus deceived the mistrustful prudence of the crafty minister. To foresee the machinations of perfidy, and to be prepared against the attacks of cruelty, is not only wisdom but duty. Alberti congratulated himself that he had succeeded in retaining in his hands the means of safety for his precious pupil, amid the innumerable dangers to which he had exposed him, in quitting the forests of Moravia.

During the first days of his return to Alba Græca, Alberti was rather afflicted than surprized at the change which had taken place in the city, formerly so flourishing: arts

and abundance had fled from the residence of tyranny, and those miseries and disorders which ever accompany that demon, were seen in their place. The philosopher was right in not fearing to be recognized: every thing was changed; there did not remain one of all the men of letters whom Lodonor had heretofore called to his court: all who had been attached to that prince were proscribed, and barbarism had already nipped in the bud the first blossoms of expanding reason.

He was received in Alba Græca as the most skilful and the most astonishing of physicians. His disinterestedness, and particularly his conduct towards the two physicians of Ulric, who on their discharge had made him their thankful acknowledgments, gained him universal admiration, and he discharged the duties of his new profession with all the zeal of humanity, and with the success which his learning and abilities had promised.

Although he was lodged in the palace, yet his station prevented all irksome confinement, and his profession naturally gained him admission every where; the younger Stephen likewise, in the capacity of page, was under no constraint, and they insensibly found means to continue at Alba Græca the same cares, the same instructions, and almost the same pleasures which they had been accustomed to at Moravia. Adela was comforted, Rosiska was delighted, and the younger Stephen more attentive, more officious than ever.

The progress of Rosiska was rapid, her heart and her mind, cultivated by the wise Alberti, rendered her the most excellent woman that then existed: she alone was worthy the affection of Zelomir; no other than Zelomir was worthy of Rosiska. Whether or no their hearts were conscious of this sympathy; whether or no Love determined for once to cease to be blind, and to repair the frequent errors with which he is reproached, certain it is, that at fifteen Rosiska adored the youthful Stephen without suspecting it; and with the same innocence the youthful Stephen burnt for Rosiska. Continually together, imbibing in common all their ideas, and receiving none but from Adela and Alberti, the tender sympathy which had at first united the minds of the two children, was grown into the most animated friendship. Rosiska, compelled by nature and by the cares of

Alberti, had a heart susceptible of the most ardent fires of love: still more violently did they inflame the bosom of Stephen: at the same time, the most unaffected innocence concealed from them their condition, and made them regard what they felt, as the effect of the tenderest friendship. How, indeed, could they know that it was love? as yet, they hardly knew the name.

Zelomir had attained his twentieth year: his manly beauties, and the graces of his demeanour, had rendered him the object of some tender sensations, which, without knowing it, he had deprived of all hope, by blind indifference. Entirely devoted to Rosista, he thought of her alone; he regarded no woman but her—and if he was interested in the attainment of glory, it was only to be encouraged and applauded by her. He had already displayed his strength and his address in many tournaments which had been given by Ulric in honour of his daughter. He had obtained by merit the title of esquire, and he hoped soon to arrive at the rank of a chevalier. His young mistress, embroidering with her own hands his vest, rejoiced at his triumphs, without mistrusting the animated interest she took in the exploits of her amiable page; but love was about to remove the veil under which he had hitherto concealed himself: fostered so long in the bosom of innocence and of happiness, he was about to make the two hearts, of which he was become master, sensible of the violent power he possesses.

This passion, which had taken root so early, and which is so easy to be discovered by all except those who experience it, could it possibly have concealed itself from the eyes of those who surrounded Ulric? Yes, from all but the eyes of Alberti and of Adela. They, indeed, had suspected, studied, and known it; by them it had even been tolerated, and in the end they became themselves its confidants. Alberti, who had foreseen it, had without trouble discovered its symptoms, and traced its progress. Adela, mild and unsuspecting, had not until late perceived it: terrified at the dangers which might arise from this passion, and divided between her tender esteem for young Stephen, and the melancholy recollection of the diversity of their ranks, at length resolved to deprive herself of her only source of consolation, and to separate the two young lovers.

as soon as possible, and for ever. It was necessary to acquaint Alberti with this; nay, more, it was necessary that the proposal of this separation should originate with him, for she felt herself without strength to request it—without credit to obtain it. Toreslaw had been ill, Alberti had bestowed on him equal attention, as though he had not been his greatest enemy, and was become so estimable to him, that Adela perceived it would be impossible to make him grant the dismissal of the two Stephens, without hazarding their ruin by accusing them, and betraying the truth: she saw no other means of obtaining this separation, but from the generosity of the father of the dangerous page. She believed, however, that it would be sufficient to inform him of the peril, to gain his aid to hasten of his own accord the only possible remedy. What then was her astonishment, when she heard Alberti determinately refuse to submit to the measure, which to her appeared so necessary? For a moment she lost all the esteem which she had entertained for him.

Alberti being convinced of the discretion of this virtuous woman, master of her confidence, and guide of her sentiments, did not hesitate to entrust her with a part of his secrets.

“I am not Stephen,” said he to her; your page is not my son. In your bosom I deposit a secret, on which his life and my own depend. If I have ever appeared to you worthy of esteem and credit—if you have ever acknowledged any virtues in me, I now claim the proof of that esteem, the fruit of those virtues. I am forbidden to unveil a mystery to you, which would astonish you: all that I am permitted to do is, to declare to you, on the testimony of an oath, that the younger Stephen, whom you shall one day know by another name, is worthy of Rosista. Had he not been so, I would not have exposed the most estimable of mothers, and the most amiable of daughters, my pretended son, and myself, to inevitable dangers—dangers which I foresaw.—Have you ever discovered a breach in my veracity? Can you imagine that I would deceive you? Interesting and unhappy Adela, be tranquil—suffer heaven and your friend to direct your welfare—confide in my cares. If I have been already so fortunate as to ameliorate your lot, believe that I would not sell my services at so

dear a price, and debase them by an action so cowardly, so criminal. Suffer love and fortune to proceed—I swear to you, that you shall never have a regret to imagine for yourself, nor a reproach to make to me."

Adela was astonished—accustomed to respect this extraordinary man, and yet expecting from him a farther elucidation of this matter, she was long in yielding to his arguments; but Alberti, speaking to her with the ascendancy of reason and sentiment—with that dignity and candour which falsehood can never assume, succeeded at length in convincing her, and finished in obtaining her participation in his indulgence of the passion of the two young lovers.

Perhaps weakness, rather than reason, actuated this dangerous and almost blameable compliance: yet let Adela be forgiven; let her misfortunes be recollected—the consolation she had met with from Alberti, and the merited and entire confidence that she had hitherto reposed in him. Besides, Alberti assured her, that as soon as he should perceive, that in its progress this passion became dangerous, or divested itself of its primitive simplicity, he would immediately send Stephen away. He then conjured her to rely on his watchfulness, and Adela tolerating at first what she could not hinder, her heart soon impelled her not only to approve, but to second what he proposed; and thus she voluntarily became the confident of the tender sentiments of Rosiska.

Happily the affections of the two lovers had, for a long time, none but these two kind witnesses. Ulric never apprehended any thing: and the modesty and respectful manners natural to the younger Stephen, gave his behaviour the strictest reserve before the whole court; it was only in the interior of the lodge of the princesses, during the interesting instructions of Alberti, and the amusements which followed them, that Stephen could yield himself up without constraint to all the emotions of his soul.

Toreslaw troubled himself very little with the concerns of Adela: contented with having subdued her spirit, and perceiving no alteration in her usual obedience, he waited for the favourable moment in which he might realize his

views with respect to Rosisla ; and nothing had hitherto shewn him that dangerous rival, whose rapid success would have impelled him to some new crime. He was besides too much employed elsewhere during this period, to suffer his attention to be exercised, where its activity was not apparently required. Since the fatal departure of the crusaders, a new generation had arisen in Servia, and had re-peopled it with a race of ardent and courageous youth ; all the children who had been too young to follow their fathers against the infidels, had acquired both years and strength, and the yoke of Ulric was become insupportable to them.

A disposition to revolt was plainly perceptible throughout Servia, and even in Alba Græca. Toreslaw knew well that he was abhorred : he was obliged to redouble both his care and his cruelty, to repress an universal explosion. At the same time the Bulgarians, a warlike and ferocious people on the boundaries of Servia, were preparing to attack it with numerous forces ; and, taking advantage of the general discontent, were hastening to dethrone, by a new usurpation, the former usurper of this unhappy kingdom. Toreslaw, scarcely adequate to so many cares, could not devote the time which his circumspect inclinations required, to watch the private manners of Adela : the innocent amours of our youthful lovers were therefore as hidden from his penetrative observation, as from the whole court.

A considerable, yet in itself trifling danger which befel the younger Stephen, discovered to these two amorous bosoms the unknown passion which they both experienced. Adjoining the apartments of Adela, was a small retired grove, which, by its thick trees, concealed its walks from every eye. Rosisla had there her garden, of which, assisted by her amiable page alone, she undertook the cultivation. Thither, after the lessons of Alberti, did he and Adela retire to enjoy the tranquil pleasures of conversation, and to witness the amusements of the youthful pair—the undissembled tenderness of Rosisla—the anxious yet undetermined attentions of Stephen. He, susceptible of all the desires—agitated by all the ardour which at twenty years Nature of herself excites, was, without being sensible of it, become a dangerous companion to Rosisla, who

could no longer, without a blush unconscious of ill, bestow those innocent caresses, those soft indulgences which she had hitherto sportfully lavished upon her Stephen, on the banks of the Morava, in the days of infancy. An indescribable anxiety had seized both their hearts; each gathering ideas from reading, and by the little knowledge of the world that Stephen had acquired, were daily more astonished at the simplicity of their own behaviour, and guessed, while they shuddered at the idea, that it must be love which they so feelingly experienced.

Such was the state of their affections, when Stephen, desirous of presenting to Rosiska a nest of young turtle doves which he had lately discovered, fell with great violence, and lay quite stunned at the foot of the tree. Rosiska at first uttered a piercing shriek—for he appeared without life—Rosiska loved, and every constraint was disregarded; reclining on her endeared friend, she covered his cheeks with kisses; her lips fastening themselves on those of her lover, her whole soul vibrated with her sighs in the ardent attempt to re-animate him. Stephen, recalled to life by such eager caresses, feeling, as he recovered by little and little, the pressure of her tender mouth, while reason had not yet re-assumed her seat, and sensation was so exquisitely charmed to return, surrendered himself up to the delightful transport of his senses—repayed caresses with caresses—kisses with kisses—and each forgetting the cause of this excess of sentiment to which they were yielding, (reason being weakened by the magnitude of the danger,) they continued in the sweet ecstasies of the first transport, which nothing could restrain. Clapsed, prest in each other's arms, they desisted not from the salutary remedy which Rosiska had begun. Love, with all the powers of his godhead, unveils himself to them—their blending souls are no longer two—they are united into one, conscious of the torch that inflames it; the mystery that concealed the fire they had long ignorantly felt, vanishes: they behold, they know, they acknowledge Love.

The first shrieks of Rosiska had been heard by Adela and Alberti, who had seen at a distance the fall of Stephen, and the transports which ensued. They hastened, and Adela, with tears in her eyes, turned to Alberti. "It is time, madam," said he to her, "that I should keep my

word with you." Then, under pretence of assisting Stephen, they gently withdrew the lovers from that forgetfulness of themselves, that delightful ecstasy, which is never so well experienced, as at the moment of the first kiss of love.

Ah! why depart from this state of pure and exquisite felicity? Is the human bosom too feeble to support the continuance of such enjoyment? Soft and tender transport! so seldom and so rapid is thy bliss, that regret ever follows it, and reflection calls it cruelty.

First kiss of love! the remembrance of which still agitates my nerves, receive with my homage the repinings of my spirit, when I reflect that thou art gone for ever. The most successful passion has no enjoyment to balance thee. Thou dost elevate and expand all the faculties of the enamoured soul—thy first impressions possess so much novelty, so much interest, that thou fillest the heart with rapture, never again to be known, but of which the remembrance is ever the most delicious, the most indelible of pleasures.

Stephen and Rosisla, as they recovered from this delight, which had already been considerably prolonged, fixed their eyes upon the ground, and Rosisla throwing herself into the arms of her mother, concealed her head in the bosom of her parent. Stephen was still more abashed—he dared not meet the eye of Alberti—he remained immovable, recalling all the emotions he had just felt, and insensible of the injury he had sustained from his fall. Nevertheless, as his soul grew calm, nature re-assumed her painful rights, and Stephen without being conscious of it, was seized with sudden weakness, and fainted. Alberti, who saw him turn pale, knew him to be in need of immediate assistance; and, as he darted forward to support him, gave the princesses notice of his danger. This incident awoke Rosisla from the tender sensations in which she was still absorbed, and all three hastened around the unfortunate Stephen. A violent and general contusion was all the harm that he had suffered; there was neither strain nor fracture; his arm was torn by a broken bough, and it bled considerably. Alberti desired directly to stop the bleeding, and Rosisla, her eyes moistened with starting tears, rent from her charming bosom the linen veil which concealed and compressed it.

Ah! who can describe the situation of the two lovers, their looks, their souls exhausted by such emotions subsiding into repose? Stephen the object of the tender cares of Rosisla, kissed timidly her hand, as she bound the small bandage by the direction of Alberti. In the countenances of Adela and Alberti, Stephen could trace nothing but tenderness; he had conceived himself guilty of a fault which he could hardly comprehend; he now conjectured, with the penetration of love, that the transports which he had shewn were forgiven. A wide field of hope was instantly expanded to his view; that moment gave him a prospect of happiness, and his bosom beat with an ecstasy of joy.

After some time had elapsed, he was sufficiently recovered to walk slowly to the apartments of Alberti, whither supported by him and the princesses he arrived. Alberti made him retire to a couch and endeavour to repose, while he himself followed Adela to frame with her the arrangements necessary to assure her tranquillity, and to save Rosisla from the dangers which appeared to threaten her.

That lovely princess, a little recovered, lay trembling in the arms of her mother; "And is this *love*!" she exclaimed, "my dear mother? is this *love*, with which I was unacquainted, even while I so sensibly experienced it? How confused have been my senses, how agitated they still remain! Alas, my dear mother, should any danger still remain for Stephen!—where wanders the imagination of your daughter? Stephen—the son of a physician—I know you condemn my foolish attachment—yet wherefore? your daughter cannot live without him—cannot but live for him—pardon—approve the passion which I feel adhering to my very existence." Adela caressed her—wept—but dared not reply.

Alberti interrupted this affecting scene: Rosisla blushed, and cast her eyes on the ground as she beheld him come in. "Why, Rosisla, why that blush?" said the compassionate philosopher: "neither your innocence nor your virtue have suffered: what you have just experienced was the impulse of nature; and although you only at that instant became acquainted with your passion, it has nevertheless long since reigned with all its violence in your heart. Calm your spirits, confide in the affection of your

friend. Happiness may one day exist for you, but the obstacles which must first be surmounted are numerous. All I can say is, that you have not to blush at your choice;—some hope is permitted you, but it depends on your courage to aid me to realize it." Rosiska looked at her mother with astonishment. "'Tis true, my love," said Adela: "I have long been acquainted with what you hear from the elder Stephen; the whole of this secret have I not been able to obtain from him, but I have known enough to see the birth and progress of your passion without opposing it. Stephen cannot deceive us: his tried virtue is my guarantee for the impossibility of his committing such a crime."

Since maternal inquietude could reach such a height of confidence, to what bounds would permitted love arise? Rosiska raised her lovely eyes to meet those of Alberti. "My father!" she exclaimed, "O my father! what a weight is at once lifted from my heart. May I love without remorse? Is Rosiska Stephen's? Is she his for life?—Command me, my father, whatever I am to do. No sacrifice will now be painful to me. I am wholly yours—my dear mother's—my Stephen's. The happy Rosiska is wholly at your disposal—she will never have a thought—nor a wish, but it shall be directed by you."

"Your attention, Rosiska, and yours, Madam, I request," replied Alberti:—"the time is arrived to discover to you my projects, and almost all my secrets: the birth of Stephen is the sole mystery which I cannot yet explain to you. He is not my son, Rosiska; this your mother already knows, and it is a secret which may without danger be confided to you: he is by family worthy of you—but misfortune has condemned him to long proofs of his other merits—proofs, which you yourself must one day determine. Toreslaw is the only obstacle to your mutual happiness. I have long since sounded his guilty intentions: I have dived into his ambitious designs—he aspires to the rank of Ulric, and to arrive at it, he flatters himself that he shall obtain the hand of Rosiska."—"O heaven! my father."—"It is but too true, charming Rosiska—it is from this dreadful misfortune that I hope to save you: It is you alone who can at all sway the mind of the king, should he attempt the execution of his detestable project:

the combat will therefore be yours—from your influence with your father, we may always obtain delay at least.”——“O gracious God!—the wife of Toreslaw! never, my good father, never!”——“We must therefore contrive that Stephen may obtain you from the hand of the king himself. If the credit of Toreslaw can be overturned, I will be answerable for the consent of Ulric. It is for me and for him whom I call my son, to attempt the ruin of Toreslaw—I in the midst of the court—He at the head of the army. Stephen is brave—he is by his education superior to all the cavaliers who surround you: in battle he will acquire such distinctions as must shelter us from the vengeance of Toreslaw, at the moment when the plot, which I shall form here against that infamous minister, is ready to manifest itself.—It is your task, Rosisla, to banish your lover—you must be separated—you must be snatched from the dangers of love. Innocence believes itself firm—it cannot however resist so ardent a passion. The slightest indiscretion would ruin you both:—at that moment when your affection became known to yourselves, it acquired such increase of strength, as renders it impossible longer to confide in that restraint, which prudence and the surrounding dangers require. Give me, Rosisla, this first testimony of your courage; your soul is gentle, but it is firm: you shall see Stephen once more—your mother and I will witness your tender adieu: you shall be permitted the soft demonstrations of your passion: but thenceforward it must exist in both your souls, only to excite the courage necessary to ensure its success.

Rosisla sighed—some tears started from her eyes—she averted her face, and wiped them away.

“O my father!” said she, turning towards Alberti, “however painful it may be to follow the dictates of your reason—yet let your reason be my only guide.—Suspect not the heart of Rosisla of mistrustful weaknesses: she will shew herself worthy of you—worthy of Stephen—You will remain with me, and will sometimes speak to me about him—you sometimes will suffer me to mention him to you. With you—with my beloved mother—I shall be too happy—for I shall be so much more happy than he can be!”——At these words she threw herself into the arms of Adela, who could only answer by her tears.

Alberti returned to the chamber in which he had left Zelomir, who during his absence had not slept : his imagination was too earnestly employed in retracing the lively emotions which he had so recently experienced, and in reflecting on all the events of the day : astonishment at the passion he had discovered and fear for its consequences, had plunged him into a profound reverie, from which the arrival of Alberti scarcely awoke him. "O, my father," said he as he recovered his recollection—"What, oh, my father, have I been guilty of?—How have I been able to forget what I owe to thee—what I owe to Adela—what I owe to—— (the name of Rosiska dared not to escape him)—Oh! how culpable must you esteem me. Save me, my father, save me from my own bosom—save me from the remorse that tears my heart."

"My son," answered Alberti, "lift up thy countenance, for thy soul is not made susceptible of guilt—thou art not culpable, my child—thou hast lost neither thy virtues, nor my esteem. Nature and Love have ordained the sentiments thou hast felt ; thy father has permitted thee to feel them. I request thee to be calm—nay, I command thee, for thy situation requires it. Consider, Stephen, that thou lovest, that thou art beloved." Stephen started at the word. "Consider," continued Alberti, "how to preserve yourself for her—your father does not forbid you to hope." In saying these words, the old man prest his lips upon his burning forehead, then drew around Zelomir the curtains of his bed, and sit down quietly by the side of him.

Stephen, still more astonished, elevated his oppressed head, half opened the curtains, and beholding the unaffected calmness of Alberti, suffered his mind to sink into gentle confusion, which is the beginning of that ease which first emanates from rising hope. He knew his father to be wise and just—he placed in him so much confidence—Love also disposed him so entirely to believe what he heard, that without seeking to unravel the enigma of Alberti's discourse, he delivered himself up to the delightful illusions which arose from it, until Nature, weakened by her sufferings, procured him a long and salutary sleep, hardly tinged even by light dreams of promised happiness.

These events were totally unknown at the court; it was indeed understood, that the amiable page had met with an unfortunate fall, but that his father having immediately been called to his assistance, he was entirely out of danger.

At the end of some days, Alberti thought he might speak more openly to Zelomir; he revealed to him, therefore, nearly the same secrets as he had before revealed to Rosisla; and after he had shewn him, that it was by the force of glory and courage alone that he could ever attain happiness, he led him to determine on his immediate departure for the army which Toreslaw had assembled together against the Bulgarians, and there to seize every opportunity of rendering himself serviceable to Ulric, and even to the minister himself. His caution had before determined him to dispose of his estate in the forests of Moravia, and the price he obtained for it, together with the gold which still remained from the treasures of Guislande, was more than sufficient to equip Zelomir elegantly, and to be still regarded as a firm resource in whatever might happen to require its aid.

The day of departure being determined, Ulric bestowed on Stephen the rank of chevalier, and Alberti obtained for him an important post in the army. Rosisla, who had not yet been permitted to behold her lover, expected with anxiety the promise of Alberti:—she had not forgotten that once more she was to behold her beloved Stephen—the companion of her infancy, to whose caresses she had so often yielded with so much innocence—whose image she could not now recall without tremor and suffusion.

Alberti likewise remembered it, and he kept his word—The evening before the departure of Zelomir, he took him to the apartments of Adela, who being informed of the interview had carefully removed every officious witness. How is it possible to describe the trouble, the emotion which these two lovers experienced at seeing each other for the first time since the manifestation of their love! Rosisla trembling—her heart palpitating—her whole frame resting on the arm of her mother, attempted to rise, but fell back immediately on the sofa she strove to quit. Stephen, with an air of modesty, his eyes fixed upon the ground, whence he dared not to elevate them, but with timidity to gaze up-

on his lovely mistress, advanced and threw himself upon his knees—Rosista was anxious to raise him from that position, but in the attempt her face prest against the face of Stephen—her tears—the most delightful of tears flowed over the glowing cheeks of Stephen: they hold each other in reciprocal embraces; their arms are entwined, and Stephen feeling himself prest against the bosom of Rosista—trembles and scarcely breathes: yet how eloquently does such silence express all the sentiments of their hearts!

Under the eyes of a father and of a tender mother, a passion so delicate and so pure was only virtue and candor: no other idea might find a place in the souls of two such charming beings. Love indeed, burnt no longer in secret but still with innocence.

"May the transports which this day agitate thee, my son," said Alberti, "never conduct thee but to the road of honour: feel in them the bond of my fidelity and respect for thy noble and generous mistress! Now, depart, my son; depart, and obtain her by conquest. Remember, that from thy superior efforts must arise the happiness of both: present thy thanks to Adela: thou owest every thing to her indulgence: swear, to her to perish, or to realize the hope which she has conceived." Stephen and Rosista fell with the same impulse on their knees before Adela, who, affected at the scene, could hardly support herself: each of them made her the same assurances—each bestowed on her the same caresses, and in a transport until then unknown to her, Adela could not repent of an indulgence which had afforded her so delightful an enjoyment.

"Depart, young man," said Adela, "depart; and may no one at your return refuse you my daughter: your friend and I will endeavour to preserve her for you."—"Fear nothing, my dear mother, exclaimed Rosista; "Stephen shall be mine, or death." Stephen threw himself again at the knees of Rosista, who, being too virtuous to imagine that she wronged her modesty by lavishing upon her lover the softest endearments, let her face again sink upon the face of Stephen, and gave him of her own accord the most tender kisses—Stephen sealed upon her lips his oath to live and die for her, and some of their former emotions again traced in their hearts the first delightful sentiments of their passion.

The courageous Rosisla felt that she had sufficiently indulged her affections, and that it remained for her to set the example of strength and energy. "Stephen," said she, raising herself and quitting his embrace, "Thou hast seen how much I love thee: I would reproach myself were I to conceal it from thee. To thee it now remains to deserve and to gain me—Depart, my beloved friend—follow the counsels of him who has been a father to thee—Remember thy Rosisla, and return worthy of her: let her be the object of thy labours—she will either be the recompence of them, or she will perish with thee: receive, my beloved friend, receive the most affectionate farewell, and be assured that Stephen, although absent, will possess the whole soul of his Rosisla."

At these words she cut a lock of hair from her beautiful tresses: "Receive this pledge, my beloved friend," added she, "and never relinquish it:—return a conqueror, bring it again to me, and receive the prize of thy noble exploits."

Stephen seized this precious present and placed it close to his heart: there it was not alone; a collar, which he wore beneath his vest, suspended against that agitated heart a former treasure: it was part of the linen veil, which on the occasion of his fall, Rosisla had rent from her bosom, and in it he had wrapt the half piece of gold which Alberti had commanded him to wear constantly about him: he placed with this the lock of hair. Adela and Alberti smiled: Rosisla, tenderly affected, prest fondly the hand of her Stephen.—"Ever shall they remain there," cried he, gently guiding her hand and resting it upon his bosom: "ever shall they remain close to this heart, conducted with it by Love to paths of honour. Yes, my Rosisla, I will bring you back these treasures—I will return to obtain you—to save you from the embraces of cruelty—or, should I perish"—at these words the eyes of Rosisla were suffused with tears:—Stephen was himself affected—it was time that they should be separated. Alberti made a sign to Adela, and laid hold of the hand of Stephen. A flood of tears accompanied this cruel moment, and it was only amid the deepest sobs of the two lovers, that in broken accents could be heard the concluding words, "Adieu—adieu." Alberti re-entered his apartment with Zelomir, and there with little trouble restored his spirits to their former firmness:—

it was then, that, taking the most affectionate farewell, he unfolded all that was necessary of the plan which he had framed. "Go," said he "to battle: thy strength—thy address, and the education which thou hast received, will give thee a superiority and call thee into notice. Be ever benevolent, humane—attentive to the wants and sufferings of your soldiers, and thou wilt be adored by them. Return conqueror, and I shall no longer dread Toreslaw, whose credit I shall in thy absence endeavour to shake. Nevertheless, my son, since prudence ought to foresee and provide for every thing, it thou shouldst learn that the mistrust of that wretch has defeated my project; if I should fall beneath the assassin's poignard, or if thy days should likewise be threatened, take this blank schedule which I have preserved—thou wilt have it in thy power to fill it up according to thy inclination, and before the fatal order may have reached thee, it will open every obstacle, and facilitate the means of flight, the only resource which may remain to thee.

Stephen, less terrified at the dangers he ran himself, than at those which he dreaded for his friend, (for he now knew that he was not his father,) desired in vain to leave the order in his hands: but he was obliged to obey, and Alberti commanded him to keep it always about his person.

Still further did Alberti direct his foresight, and informed Zelomir of a writing containing his last instructions and his most important secrets, which had been deposited by him in an iron coffer concealed in the forests of Moravia, in a place he described to him, and which Stephen could not fail to recollect: afterwards he made him promise that he would neither seek for it, or cause it to be opened, but when any accident or death had deprived him of his friend. The rest of the night and during the following day he repeated to him his projects and his views, and neglected nothing that might be serviceable to his pupil.

Zelomir departed, bearing in his heart hope, and that firm and courageous resolution which is almost always the certain assurance of success.

He arrived at the army. The preparations which had been made by Toreslaw had not been sufficiently expeditious to impede entirely the invasion of the Bulgarians: they had commenced their inroads precisely in the environs

of the ancient habitation of Alberti ; they had passed the Morava, and carrying devastation wheresoever they went, had pillaged and burnt that habitation and the surrounding country : they had massacred the wretched inhabitants. The detachment under Zelomir arrived too late to defend, he could only revenge them. With prudence equalling his valour, the youthful warrior repelled the barbarians, although far more numerous than the body of troops which he commanded, and obtained the victory with the loss of very few men. His attention in sparing the blood of his soldiers, his tender cares for the wounded, his regret for those whom he lost, his justice and his benevolence, rendered him the idol of the company which he commanded ; and when he arrived with his detachment to join the army, the reputation which had preceded him made his entrance into the camp a real triumph. Some time after, the Bulgarians, beaten on all sides, and finding every where this invincible corps opposing their attacks, resolved to try the fate of a general engagement. the battle was scarcely begun, when the general appointed by Toreslaw was wounded mortally at the head of the army : the troops were instantly dismayed : Zelomir hurried among the terrified soldiery, rallied them, rendered their souls susceptible of his courage, formed their ranks anew, recalled victory, and surpassing himself decided the fate of the battle. The Bulgarians give way—are broken, and the rout soon becomes general : Zelomir pursues them some time to assure himself of their defeat, then returns—to devote his most tender cares to the victims of the glorious day.

At the news of such brilliant success all the court was delighted : the young Stephen was every where admired : his pretended father was congratulated ; and Toreslaw, who felt it his particular interest to destroy this war to its very source, named the victorious Stephen general of the army in spite of his youth : he then sent him orders to pass the Morava, and to carry the war into Bulgaria, and by that means to deprive the enemy, at least for some time, of both the means and the desire of recommencing their barbarous incursions.

Zelomir obeyed, and in this almost unknown country he displayed all the superiority of his generalship and his

humanity. Combating without intermission—the difficulty of getting forage, the harassing attacks of the inhabitants, who were too weak to hazard a general engagement, put to the proof the courage and the virtues of Zelomir. Present every where, provident of all things, depriving himself of every comfort for his soldiers in times of want and inquietude, he thereby became the object of the admiration of the whole army: he drew upon himself even the esteem of the enemy, and many of them, affected by the humanity which he hastened to display immediately after his victories, resumed through admiration for him more pacific inclinations.

But amid this long course of success let us leave our valiant Zelomir, to fulfil the view of the sage Alberti, and let us observe what passes in the court of Alba Græca. Two years were elapsed since the commencement of the war, and the departure of her beloved Stephen, while Rosisla, sometimes terrified, sometimes delighted—now rejoicing—now trembling at the success of her lover, would pass every moment with Alberti or with her mother, to whom she could at least mention him; each day Rosisla in the arms of her mother payed a tribute to love, and to the honour of her courageous champion. If she quitted these tender confidants during some intervals, it was to devote those stolen moments to a pleasing avocation—to another enjoyment less impassioned, but equally pure. Rosisla, who always delighted in solitude, had requested of her father permission to make some short excursions about the environs of Alba Græca, accompanied either by her mother, or by one of the ladies of the court; she had likewise requested gold, and she employed it in relieving the wretched victims of the tyranny of Foreslaw.

He, having been forced to postpone the execution of his designs on Rosisla until the termination of the war of Bulgaria, did not oppose these pleasures which she so earnestly desired, conceiving it useful not to injure himself in her favour by the displeasure of a refusal. Rosisla therefore diverted the painful agitation of her affection by the indulgences of benevolence: she was known, beloved, and received in all the neighbouring hamlets, whither every week she went to bestow the money obtained from her father.

Six months were passed, devoted to that pleasure of which generous minds only are susceptible, when the pastor of a hamlet which she was visiting, informed her, that an aged woman had just arrived there, leading with her, in the greatest misery, a blind man, whom she called her husband, and who appeared to be plunged in the most profound affliction—that they had retired into a cavern in the neighbouring wood, where they existed on the slender support he had sent to them, but which his feeble means rendered insufficient. Rosiska had heard enough; she could no longer resist the impulse of desiring immediately to be conducted hither. At that time she was attended by a lady of the court, her mother finding herself slightly indisposed. No sooner had she arrived at the cavern, than she was struck with the air of grandeur which was discernible through the rugged features and the torn garments of misery, particularly in the demeanour of both these unfortunate beings. The heart of Rosiska was affected—her eyes were filled with tears, while the pastor said to them, “Good folks, here is the daughter of our sovereign, who wished to see you, and whose tender and generous spirit leads her to assist you.” At these words the utmost agitation seemed to seize the wretched couple—Rosiska attributed it to the respect which the declaration of her rank might have excited.

“Compose yourself, good woman,” said she, “compose yourself, father; let not the name of Rosiska terrify you, who never did harm to any body.” Then endeavouring by gentle caresses to inspire them with confidence, and hastening to send for such things as were of the most urgent necessity, all which were wanting in their retreat, at length her tender and affecting concern, her winning graces, and her insinuating delicacy, appeared to dissipate, in some degree, the species of fear and hesitation which the miserable pair had at first manifested.

Rosiska attributed these sensations, which had not escaped her attention, to the weight of sufferings which oppressed them. She wished to hear an account of their misfortunes, that she might with more certainty alleviate them; but her delicacy made her sensible, that before so many witnesses, such an avowal of wretchedness as their story must contain, would be too bold a request. Having with the strictest attention provided for the wants of the old

blind man and his wife, and having herself selected a young lad from the neighbouring hamlet to remain with them, assist them in their little affairs, and lead about the old man, she said to them, "I now quit you, my respectable friends; we are not yet sufficiently acquainted to prevent my presence from incommoding you; I will return to see you again—I will frequently return, to prove to you that I merit your esteem and your friendship: those are the only sentiments which I would excite in your bosoms towards me, and of those I hope that I shall prove myself not unworthy." The old man and his wife muttered out some thanks; a mixture of tenderness, inquietude, and even of shame, appeared to oppress them. Rosisla perceived that she ought to leave them at liberty, and therefore retired, after having charged the intelligent lad whom she had placed with them, to inform her whenever they were in want of any thing, or manifested any desire.

Rosisla was all the rest of the day busied in reflections concerning this aged pair: curiosity united itself to the interest with which they had inspired her, and she resolved to leave nothing undone that might obtain their confidence. On the next day Joseph, the little lad she had placed with them, was announced to her. "My good lady," said he, "the master and mistress that you gave me have been weeping all night long, and are now preparing to go away." Rosisla immediately departed for the cavern, and her prudent delicacy directed her to meet the unfortunate pair alone. She desired the lady of the court to wait for her at the house of the pastor of the hamlet, and entering the wood, she arrived at the cavern just at the moment that the poor blind old man, supported on the arm of his wife, were departing, taking nothing with them from their abode, which they were deserting, to wander, they knew not whither.

"My good friends," said Rosisla, "I perceive that it is I whom you are desirous to leave, not your retreat.—What have I done to merit your contempt, or to awaken your fears? Ah! you are not acquainted with Rosisla—you afflict, you abase her. You were not born, I plainly apprehend, for the station in which you now are: you had already lived some days in this retirement, chosen appa-

rently by yourselves, without desiring to leave it ; but I appeared, and you are departing. My good mother, injure me not so violently—I was yesterday accompanied by so many persons, that I dared not to ask the cause of your sufferings :—re-enter the cavern, good mother—entrust me with your misfortunes, your wants, your wishes—my heart is desirous of becoming acquainted with them, only that the interest you have excited in it may be conducive to your happiness.”

So much kindness affected the aged couple ; they could not withstand the sensibility of Rosila—they suffered her to lead them back to the cavern, and there the tender entreaties and the gentle caresses of the most beneficent of women, completed the conquest of the reluctance with which they had accepted her favours. “ Amiable child,” replied the old woman, “ to virtues like thine every obstacle must yield ; although—against—nay—thou hast prevailed. I am compelled—I feel that I am compelled to love thee. Ah ! why doth not all the world resemble thee ? Listen to the recital of our troubles—pity us, and excuse the step we were about to take.

“ I wish not to conceal from thee, that we were not born in that station of life to which misery hath reduced us. Fortune at one period loaded us with her favours ; I was happy—yes, *happy*, for I then had children.” At these words the tears streamed down the aged cheeks of the miserable pair. Rosila endeavoured to console them ; she wiped with her linen veil their overflowing eyes, while the drops of sympathy started from her own.

“ They are no more—I am bereaved of all my children, My husband believed it his duty to join the crusaders in their first expedition against the infidels—he was taken, reduced to slavery, and the barbarians, to avenge the cruelties practised with even greater barbarity by the Christians upon their prisoners, have deprived my husband of his sight, and made him undergo ten thousand evils. I remained behind in my country with all my children, when some banditti, with a monster at their head, attacked me, and massacred my infants. One—one only remained, saved like myself by the most generous of friends. In the hands of that friend I left him, and taking all the property which had been

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saved from the ferocious banditti, I departed, that I might endeavour to deliver my husband. After fifteen years of useless researches,—of incredible labour, fatigue, and misfortunes, too painful for my recollection, and too tedious to relate to you, I accomplished my purpose; I redeemed him from the middle of Asia, whither he had been conveyed, and I led him back to this country, where I hoped to find the friend and the son whom I had quitted, and whose possessions would have satisfied all our wants. Alas! we had not arrived at the termination of our distresses: we found the habitation of our friend destroyed, the country ravaged, the inhabitants either dead or dispersed—none who could inform us of what had happened. After having in vain traversed our province and its environs, we arrived here without resources, without hope—begging the bread of sadness, and moistening that bread with tears, we see to our despair no remedy but death. Here you yesterday surprised us, and we blushed at being beheld in such a depth of wretchedness. We were conscious of appearing to you above the station to which we had been reduced. Shame, the involuntary companion of misery, determined us to avoid you—your kindness, your affecting benevolence, your noble delicacy, have arrested our steps. You are now acquainted with our secrets—do not abuse them; suffer us to drag on a useless weight of years at a distance from you—the compassion of heaven will undoubtedly soon close for us this miserable existence.”

Rosisla, bathed in tears, frequently interrupted this mournful narrative with her sighs. “Quit me not, my good mother,” exclaimed she; “I swear to you the most inviolable secrecy. None shall know that you are any thing more than you desire to appear. But deny me not the happiness of repairing, as much as I may be able, the injustice of fate which attends you. Whither would you fly, without resource and without hope? remain with Rosisla—she will love you—she will comfort you: all that you shall be willing to accept from her, will be a favour obtained by her from you.” In vain endeavoured the aged pair to resist so tender and amiable an enchantress. Rosisla was so pressing, so delicate, and so insinuating, that both these unhappy persons, affected and overcome by her generosity, extended towards her their trembling arms. “Ah, Ma-

dam—Ah, Rosisla!" they each exclaimed, "you constrain us to love you. Be satisfied—we will not—we cannot leave you." Rosisla thanked them as for a favour: proud of the triumph which she had gained, she kept her word faithfully with them, and bestowing daily upon them her most tender cares, she at length restored them to some mental repose, and perceived that she was beloved by them as much as if she had been their own daughter. She had proposed to them to live in the city, that they might be nearer to her; but they always testified so earnest a desire never to be seen there, and to remain concealed in their retreat, that Rosisla thought only how to render it commodious and healthy, and from that time all her walks were directed towards the cavern. She had confided her adventure to her mother, and had described to her the virtues of the aged pair—the trust they merited, and the delicacy and discretion which their misfortunes required from her. Adela applauded the conduct of her excellent daughter, and approved her concealing from every body, even from Alberti, the secret which had no connection with his views; she also gave orders to the lady of the court who attended Rosisla, to permit the princess to go alone to the cavern. The attendant therefore always remained at the house of the pastor, and the mistress of Zelomir frequently went to pass whole hours in the company of her aged and worthy friends.

From being often together, the firmest confidence took place: Rosisla became at length anxious to speak concerning herself. She had found in this respectable matron so many virtues, such dignity of sentiment, such purity of advice, that she conceived both for her and her spouse as much esteem as friendship. Often involuntarily she spake to them of the younger Stephen, and that never without a lively emotion, which did not pass unnoticed by the observant old woman: the name of Toreslaw sometimes was mingled in the discourse of Rosisla, and by an extraordinary sympathy, the expression of indignation which in pronouncing that name she could not repress, appeared to be more than equally felt by the aged couple. Rosisla was now and then tempted to unbosom herself to them with still less reserve, and to take these virtuous and insulated beings for the confidants of her most internal sentiments.

Love ever seeks the ear of friendship to unfold its secret anxieties: and where esteem is established, who shall forbid the lover to confide? Nevertheless, the prudence of Rosiska would have restrained this natural and involuntary inclination, if a particular circumstance, a fault into which the irksomeness of separated affection had led our two lovers, had not rendered this confidence necessary.

The amorous Stephen had supported with considerable firmness the first six months of his tedious absence, until the impatience so natural to love had made him commit an imprudent step, in hazarding to write to Rosiska, unknown either to Alberti or to Adela, although both of them had particularly enjoined him not to do so. A young soldier whom he had attentively observed—whose fidelity, intelligence, and discretion he had tried, and whom he had particularly attached to himself, was the bearer of this letter; and (for Rosiska could not resist so seductive an example) its answer. This first alleviation of the torments of absence, afforded delightful emotions to both the lovers: fortified by all the means of mystery and prudence, they could not but listen to Love while he persuaded only such trifling errors; and they believed that as long as their disobedience went no further, their fault would not be very great: but Love knows not ever to be content; the wishes of Stephen were enlarged by indulgence. Since he had invaded Bulgaria, long armistices had become necessary to both parties, in that species of war in which they found themselves involved, and necessity caused them to be scrupulously observed. Stephen imagined that possibly, if Rosiska would deign to consent, he might profit of such an opportunity to visit his tender mistress, from whom he had been so long separated: he was emboldened by this fascinating prospect, to propose it to her in one of his letters. Rosiska strenuously refused his request at first, but Love is the parent of weakness—Rosiska ardently desired to see her glorious lover:—she refused—but her mind dwelt continually on the idea, and devised, in spite of her reason, various stratagems to realize the desires of her Stephen—desires which no less actuated her own soul. The cavern of her aged friends presented itself frequently to her revolving thoughts: the conviction that a profound mystery would envelope all her actions in that retreat—

the bliss of beholding for an instant, a single instant, the tender object of her affection, seduced the sensibility of her heart. This project entirely occupied her attention—she indulged it first as a chimera—yet she arranged every part of her pretended chimera with exquisite precision—she persuaded herself that she was amusing herself with an idea which she could at any time relinquish, but the idea, before she was conscious of it, was become a resolution, and she finished, as is ever the case with lovers, by yielding after having too anxiously resisted.

New and more earnest solicitations from Stephen determined her decision. She visited her aged friends, and gave them notice, that a person worthy of their esteem and friendship would meet her and speak with her in their retreat. She besought them to send little Joseph to her as soon as he should arrive, as they had sometimes done when they were desirous of seeing her, and assured them that they need not entertain any anxiety with regard to the discretion of her motives. Her blush and her embarrassment betrayed her to the good old woman, who had before perceived how fervently she loved Stephen, and she had understood long since, from the conversation of Rosiska, that her mother tolerated this passion. She conceived that she ought not to suspect the conduct of so respectable a mother, or of so virtuous a daughter; and she found it impossible to refuse a request with which gratitude and friendship for her benefactress induced her to comply. The tender Rosiska wrote to her lover the whole of her arrangements, chiding him at the same time very angrily for his impatience.

Zelomir kissed this epistle, dictated by love: he took advantage of a truce of three days, and departing disguised, under the pretence of reconnoitring the enemy, he arrived rapidly, by means of a relay of horses previously stationed along the road, saw Rosiska in the presence of the aged pair, and returned before the expiration of the truce, while his absence was as yet hardly known to any one, at least while nobody suspected the motive of it.

These delightful moments were repeated three times more during the war of Bulgaria, and each time Love, displaying all its tenderness, its dignity, and its purity, interested and affected the aged tenants of the cavern.

Their hearts leaped involuntarily at the presence and at the voice of the young Stephen. His graces, his beauty, his dignity, and the honourable traits that marked the tenor of his soul, rendered him as dear to them as Rosislá herself; and that amiable maiden, who had thus been compelled to make them her confidants, regretted not the trust she had reposed in them, but now returned more frequently to discourse with them on a passion which she had not been able to conceal, and which owed to their indulgence some moments of happiness.

In the mean time Alberti, who saw that Zelomir, had arrived at that point of glory and empire over the army which he had judged necessary for the success of his daring projects, prepared to put his plan into action at the court of Ulric. He had vainly attempted, and had desisted without hope, to balance in the estimation of this enslaved monarch the credit of Toreslaw: he perceived that by persisting in that design he should perish uselessly, and therefore resolved to have recourse to the more violent means, of exciting a secret conspiracy against this barbarous minister: a measure less difficult in execution to a mind like his, than it was in appearance to men of less perception. That numerous discontented spirits existed throughout Servia and even in Alba Græca, has been already mentioned: Alberti, who by his personal merit and still more by his profession, had become acquainted with the secrets of every family, easily knew who were the greatest enemies of Toreslaw, and in whom he might place the greatest confidence. He opened his projects to the principal nobility of Servia, and having secured the energies of a sufficient number of faithful and courageous friends, whose animosity against the minister, or whose patriotic sensibility he had wrought up to the point he desired, he submitted to their deliberation the plan which he had framed, and received their oaths. They were on an appointed day to make themselves masters of the gates of the palace, surround Ulric with a resolute body of men, and wrest from his cowardice the necessary orders for disarming the guards within the city and at the gates, for throwing Toreslaw into a prison, and for immediately assembling the conspirators to try and condemn him to the punishment merited by his crimes. In the mean time Stephen, who was not to receive notice of their trans-

actions, but at the moment that the conspiracy should openly display itself, was then to conclude the peace already negotiated with the Bulgarians, and to return and encamp his army, of which he was the idol, beneath the walls of Alba Græca, that he might support the conspirators. Ulric, terrified and feeble, would consent to every condition proposed to him; and the terms resolved on, were to be the union of Rosisla with the young Stephen, and the elevation of the latter to the sovereign power, leaving to Ulric only the vain title, and the useless honours of monarchy. Alberti, that it might not be imagined that the ambition of raising his own family to the direction of the state, discovered to the conspirators that he never had a son: to a few of the principal nobility he even confided the birth of Zelimir; and the rest understood that the younger Stephen was of illustrious blood, worthy of the rank they were about to bestow on him. Besides, the general abhorrence of Toreslaw, while Stephen courageous and benevolent, admired and beloved by all the people, at the head of a victorious army, was the object of every prayer and of every hope, hurried many of the conspirators with inconsiderate zeal into an invariable compliance with the measures of Alberti. Every thing was disposed in order—success appeared certain—four nights only remained to that appointed for the execution of their purpose; when Fortune, who had hitherto so attentively watched the interest of Toreslaw, again favoured him through the cowardice of one of the conspirators.

This man was seized on a suspicion which had no relation to the conspiracy, and was thrown into a dungeon by the satellites of Toreslaw: he believed the plot was suspected, his imagination was bewildered, and without reflecting that any thing else could be the cause of his arrest, he formed the hope of saving his own life by unfolding all he knew, and betraying his accomplices. He demanded an interview with Toreslaw, and having received from him the promise of his pardon as the price of the secrets he was to discover, he gave a particular account of the plan which we have just specified, and dictated to the astonished minister the list of the conspirators with the elder Stephen at their head. Toreslaw, full of terror and of rage, would not permit the coward who had opened to him so important a

secret, to live, lest he should give the alarm to the other conspirators, but caused him to be massacred immediately in his presence, and then despising the force of an engine directed against himself, since he was now acquainted with its internal springs, he instantly conceived the means of destroying its effect. The conspirators shut up in Alba Græca, no further rendered him uneasy: their numbers were too much inferior to his hireling soldiers and the wretches who were devoted to his interest, to give him any cause of dread, now that it was impossible that he could be taken by surprise. One danger alone appeared to exist: it was the younger Stephen at the head of a great army: he knew that the soldiers adored their general, who, if not the chief, was yet the object of the conspiracy. Whether he was the son of a physician or not, it was absolutely necessary to obtain possession of his person. To extinguish the conspiracy already discovered—to prevent any further proceedings of the conspirators, and to seize the person of the younger Stephen, must all be done by one movement, and to strike so important a blow, it was necessary to take such measures as the army should neither foresee or oppose. He was himself alone adequate to this design, which was too dangerous to be entrusted to another: his genius conceived it instantly, and his activity executed it. He sent for the commander of the troops quartered about Alba Græca, who was one of those compliant animals, that never care about the motives which direct the orders they receive, but with industrious subserviency execute whatever they are commanded.

He informed him that a terrible conspiracy ready to break out in the army, obliged him to repair thither and to take the king with him. He enjoined him, on the instant after his departure, to shut all the gates of the city, to double the patrols and guards, to permit none to go out on any pretence whatever, and to suffer none to enter but such as should come with the orders of Ulric, or of himself: he insisted upon the strictest attention to such orders, and the punctual execution without delay of whatsoever they might contain: should the slightest commotion take place during his absence, he was to imprison, or without hesitation to put to death all whom he might suspect to be the authors of it. Having thus made himself secure with regard to

the interior of the city, he hastened to Ulric, that he might unfold the conspiracy to him; not indeed as it really existed, directed almost solely against the minister, but to make it appear that the life of the sovereign himself was the actuating motive of the conspirators. Ulric trembled and wept, while Toreslaw declared that he knew of no other resource but his immediate departure for the army, whence the perfidious Stephen should be removed, that he might without danger be put to death.

The course on which Toreslaw had determined, exposed him to no danger: it appeared certain, by the narration of the cowardly conspirator, that the general was ignorant of all that was in agitation on his account, and that he was not to have been informed of it but at the instant of its execution. He was therefore convinced that he could not as yet have made any dispositions in support of the plot: for even supposing him to have obtained any intelligence of their designs, he would undoubtedly have to wait for the orders of the chief of the interior conspirators, to model the army to his purpose: the subtle minister knew that such an order was not dispatched, and the precaution which he had taken to cause all the gates of the city to be shut, assured him that Stephen would never receive any instructions of that nature. Toreslaw then depended on arriving in time to surprize the general, and to crush him before he could suspect his intention, no time, however, was to be lost—he hurried away Ulric, whose presence might be requisite to restrain the soldiery, and both of them departed, accompanied by no more than fifty of the guards of Toreslaw; men selected for their tried fidelity and resolution.

The order for the close shutting up of the city, by keeping all the interior conspirators in the power of Toreslaw, rendered them so many hostages for his personal security: no exception to this order was made even in favour of Adela and of her daughter; their attachment to the two Stephens, and the hatred which Toreslaw knew that they entertained against him, caused his suspicions to extend to them.

The conspirators, terrified at these severe measures, saw their destruction determined, while no means of resistance remained. The commandant exercising the strictest vigi-

lance and the utmost rigour, repressed every hope of attempting a public insurrection. Alberti, who remarked that the arrested conspirator appeared no more, guessed the whole series of events which had taken place, and saw no other resolution to form, but that of selling his life as dear as possible, if the barbarians should attempt to seize him.

Adela and Rosisla, from whom Alberti had conceived it necessary to conceal the conspiracy, interrogated him continually, while he, pensive and silent, knew not what to answer, or how to soothe their spirits, agitated and partaking of all the terror and consternation into which the whole city was plunged.

The sudden and unforeseen arrival of Toreslaw and the King, spread astonishment throughout the camp. Stephen received them with surprise, but without fear; and his tranquillity further proved both the exactness of the information of the treacherous conspirator, and the ignorance of the general of what was transacting in his name; and Toreslaw plainly perceived that he was merely the object of the conspiracy, and that his father, either actuated by the spirit of ambition, or by personal hatred to him, was the soul of it. Master of the existence of the latter, who was watched and inclosed in Alba Græca, and having almost in his grasp the son, unprepared and unsuspecting of any ill, he considered only the effective means of vengeance.—Above all, the younger Stephen, the object of the conspiracy, was doomed to perish. The enthusiastic attachment of the soldiers to their general, the love which Toreslaw began to suspect that Rosisla entertained for the youthful warrior, by what he had gathered from the arrested conspirator, and by circumstances he now recalled to his recollection, urged him to rid himself of so formidable an enemy, and so dangerous a rival. In fact, his death must destroy all the energy of the conspiracy, in taking from it the only individual on which it could build any hopes of success. But how arrest a beloved general in the middle of an army that adored him? How expose himself to the certain vengeance of armed men, whose lives were devoted to the safety of the commander? The fertile genius of Toreslaw had, from the first instant, suggested to him the means of perfecting the destruction of his enemy, while he shielded himself from danger.

He lavished upon Stephen the most insinuating compliments, extolled his courage and his success, and then pretended to entrust him with a confidential commission. He told him, that the occasion of his journey, had been to save Ulric from the dagger of an assassin, who threatened the lives of the monarch, and of his family: that he had discovered a plot laid by the Bulgarian Chief to avenge himself of the success of the troops in Servia; that Ulric having himself escaped from the danger, proposed to send him to Alba Græca, and to charge him with the safety of Adela and Rosisla, whom he was to conduct to the camp, on the smallest appearance of danger that might appear in the city. Stephen, too young, too unconscious of deceit, too much in love to mistrust the confidence which the treacherous minister appeared to repose in him, shuddered at the perilous situation of his mistress, while he was delighted with the idea of seeing her again, and with being appointed her particular defender. None of his emotions escaped the penetrating eye of Toreslaw, who commanded him, on the part of Ulric, not to disclose to any one the secret he had unfolded to him, nor to mention the journey he was about to undertake, but to hold himself in readiness to depart at break of day.

Stephen promised to obey, and from the impulse of anxiety desired to depart immediately. Toreslaw, who had not yet made all the necessary preparations for the perpetration of his crime, quieted his mind with regard to the extreme urgency of the danger, restrained his eagerness, and went directly to Ulric, by whom he caused the following order to be signed, addressed to the commandant at Alba Græca.

You are enjoined, on pain of death, that as soon as you shall receive these presents, you seize the person of Stephen, who is the bearer of them, and cause him to be privately put to death in prison. Moreover you are commanded (such execution being made) to arrest all the persons named in the list sent herewith: all of whom you shall cause to be strangled the following night in prison, except the father of Stephen, whom you shall load with irons until our return, that we may know, by means of the torture, the secrets with which he pretends to be acquainted.

(Signed)

ULRIC.

(Countersigned)

TORESLAW.

Toreslaw having sealed this dreadful order with the seal of the empire, he inclosed it in a double wrapper, and directed it to the hands of Adela, who by a note in the outward wrapper was commanded to send the interior packet immediately to the governor.

All these precautions were the effect of the prudence of Toreslaw; he was anxious that nothing might appear suspicious to the unhappy Stephen; he was confident that his respect for Adela would hinder him from opening any dispatches addressed to her; and on that consideration, he feared not to entrust the miserable youth with his own condemnation—his own sentence of death.

This letter was moreover only the secondary means made use of by Toreslaw in case that Stephen, contrary to all likelihood, should escape the first snare which was spread for him. He had appointed him, in giving him the night before the dreadful packet, six of the guards which had accompanied Ulric, to attend him to Alba Græca. These men were directed by the inhuman monster to massacre Stephen at some leagues from the camp—to return full of dissembled sorrow, and give out through the army that they had been attacked by a party of the enemy, and that Stephen had been killed in the skirmish.

Love, however, saved him from this first attempt: joyous at being on the point of seeing Rosisla, he considered the offer of the six guards as a mere mark of honour, which Toreslaw wished to shew him, and which he might easily dispense with. Besides, a delicate and tender sentiment, which may be conceived without difficulty, since by it favoured love ever seeks to express its first ebullitions of transport in privacy, made him desirous to have a momentary interview with Rosisla, before his appearance in Alba Græca, where the whole court and populace would surround him. Love, after so long an absence, might so easily betray itself—its first emotions should be carefully concealed.

Stephen recollected the tender moments he had passed in the cavern of the aged pair: and since Toreslaw had quieted his mind with regard to the great danger of his mistress and her mother, and confiding upon an advantage in time which he proposed to take, he resolved to pass some moments in the same manner. With this determin-

tion, he deceived his domestics and guards, set out secretly two hours before the time appointed, and travelling more rapidly than he had ever done before, he arrived towards the evening at the dwelling of the aged couple. He immediately requested the good old woman to send little Joseph to acquaint Rosista with his arrival; and Joseph, as well as his master and mistress, being ignorant that the gates of the city were closed, set out gaily to execute his commission.

Stephen, harassed and exhausted by the rapidity of his journey, and overwhelmed by many nights lately passed in the necessary watchfulness of a camp, felt an irresistible desire to profit of the time he must wait for Rosista, to take some moments of repose. The old people pressed him to throw himself on their bed, and the total weariness of his whole frame forced him to accept their offer. A deep sleep, imperiously ordained by nature, instantly closed his eyelids.

The good old woman, who had never been able to behold this charming youth without an emotion which she could not account for, took pleasure in contemplating him in this state of repose; and standing near him, felt her heart violently affected while she gazed upon him, as her spouse, sitting at the door of the cavern, listened for the return of little Joseph.

Stephen had thrown off the upper part of his vesture; his bosom, half uncovered, displayed the little packet enfolded in its linen wrapper, tinged with blood: he had never ceased to wear it close to his heart.—The sight of blood terrified the compassionate old woman. "Good God!" exclaimed she, "is he wounded?"—To satisfy her curiosity, she softly opened the vest of Stephen still wider, and raising gently as high as she could the precious packet which it covered and compressed, to see whether or no it was the bandage of a wound, she observed a part of the lock of hair through a rent in the enclosure, which told her the nature of the treasure it contained.

"Happy lovers," said she, "these then are your riches; affecting proofs of your innocence! while such primitive favours are held in so much estimation, virtue must be unsullied." Then, impelled by that tender impulse of interest, that inquisitive anxiety so natural and so pardona-

ble in the female breast when actuated by sensibility, her trembling hands, before they replaced the treasure upon the heart of the sleeping Stephen, sought artfully, without risking to awake him, to unfold the coverings a little that she might see what they contained—what sudden alarm runs through her veins! her whole frame trembles—the corner of a half piece of gold pierces through the lock of hair.—This token so common between lovers—so trifling in itself—is evidence to the heart of a mother. “O God what do I behold? Is it possible—can this be Zelomir? can it be my son? support me, Heaven!”

In an instant her imagination is bewildered—her reason, misguided by her heart, over-runs an immense interval of time—her ideas with the rapidity of lightning pass and re-pass from hope to despair. Guislande, (for the reader must have recognised both her and her unhappy husband,) Guislande is eager to embrace the youth—to awaken him—to claim him—An emotion of dread, awful and sudden, stays her and suspends her trembling hand—In the midst of cruel enemies she is about to hazard the life of Lodonor; if the lover of Rosisla be not Zelomir, she in awakening him would only give him suspicion of her important secret. The interest of her husband repressing the eagerness of her first sensation recalls reflection.—“No, no,” said she within herself, “how can this be Zelomir? has not this youth a father, the favourite of the usurper, and of the infamous Toreslaw.—Yes, yes; this youth has a father—and this half piece of gold is as those things which accompany it, a pledge, a treasure of affection—Yet, may not Alberti be no more?—may not Zelomir unknown have been conducted by chance among the enemies of his race? Vain hope, destroyed as soon as conceived!—If Alberti were no more, the piece of gold would not be alone, the half-piece of silver would be with it—Still, it is possible that Alberti might have been separated from Zelomir, without having had it in his power to send him the second testimony of recognizance. Were there any proofs that the origin of Stephen was a secret—could she but discover that this young man was only the adopted son of the physician—then——” A ray of hope—a faint and lonely ray encourages her—a strong suspicion which she cannot repress, gathers strength in her soul—she must be satisfied

that this youth is not her son—He may possess some clue to the mystery her imagination has framed—she must investigate the secrets he may bear about him—it is the enquiry of a mother : without risking to awake him, she can search the vesture which he has thrown aside—she no longer hesitates—delicacy no longer restrains her—her reason is overwhelmed with hope—her heart—the heart of a mother is alone attended to—what fears, what scruples shall check a mother in the midst of such an inquiry ?

Her hands seize with avidity every paper his vesture contains, and in the hurry of the emotion which has possessed her, she reads all that she seizes. The sad but indubitable conviction that Stephen is only the son of the physician, and by the culpable and secret compliance of the weak Adela, the lover of Rosisla, is all that her eager eyes can learn. Her last hope sinks into the melancholy delirium of disappointment. Still continuing the useless inquiry with the mechanical force of the violent impulse which he had not entirely subsided—when—lo, with what horror is she roused from her mournful reverie—she reads the dreadful letter of which Stephen is the bearer—

“ O, wretched young man !—O miserable Rosisla ! on you is the monster about to exercise his barbarity ? She then perceived the list of the conspirators, at the head of whom was Stephen the elder—“ What victims are here devoted to death, atrocious murderer,” she exclaimed, “ cruel, blood thirsty wretch, thou shalt not execute thy vengeance—at least I will retard it.” She then seized the blank order, which Stephen always carried with him, and of which she had already taken notice. “ No,” continued she, “ if thy victims cannot entirely escape thee, at least shall they have some tranquil hours before they fall beneath thy vindictive rage.” Re-assembling her scattered ideas, and reflecting with rapidity and profoundness on all what she was about to do required, she filled up the blank order in the following terms :

Adela, the war in which I am engaged, and the insurrections to which the state is exposed, compel me to a measure which will surprize you. I am old, and it is necessary, for the safety of myself and of my people, that my successor should possess both courage and abilities. I have no son : my daughter must give me one by taking a

husband. My choice has fallen upon Stephen the younger, my general, and the idol of my army. I therefore enjoin you, on the pain of displeasure, immediately on the receipt of this, to unite Stephen to Rosista. Assemble together the commandant of Alba Græca, the father of Stephen, the whole court, and the priests, and in an hour after the arrival of Stephen, who is the bearer of the present order, and ignorant himself of its contents, let the marriage be celebrated and rendered irrevocable by the ceremonies of the church, and the dignity of the sacrament. Finally, immediately after the rites are performed, let the commands of Stephen be regarded as mine. Obey without loss of time. My life and yours, and the existence of the state, require the immediate execution of this order.

It may be remembered that the blank order had been signed by Ulric and Toreslaw, and sealed with the state seal.

It is uncertain what sentiment principally swayed the sudden determination which Guislande thus executed. The idea of having found Zelomir had almost deranged her mind: the horror which she felt for the new crime unveiled to her eyes by the fatal letter; compassion for the two most interesting beings she had ever known: but, more than all, her hatred towards Toreslaw, and the desire of the only vengeance which she might ever be able to exercise, led her to this daring step; and it was not until a long time after, when her spirits were become more calm, that she felt uneasiness arise for the consequences of what she had ventured to perform.

She burned the whole of the packet destined for the governor—the fatal order, the list of the conspirators, and the note to Adela; she folded over again, and reclosed with considerable art the cover which contained them, and then replaced them in the vesture of Stephen, from which she had taken them.

She had hardly finished, when little Joseph arrived, quite terrified, and in tears. Stephen awoke at the noise. "Good mother," said the boy, "nobody may go into the city—a great heap of frightful soldiers would not let me go near it. I said that I wanted to speak with Madam Rosista, but they told me to go about my business, or they would

kill me"—and the poor boy wept again most piteously. "Let me depart," exclaimed Stephen, terrified lest the plot pretended by Toreslaw might be already executed, or on the point of being so. "Farewell, good dame—father, farewell, you shall soon hear of me again." Then vaulting upon his horse, he galloped towards the city. He was recognized by the officers of the guard as soon as he arrived at the walls, and having shewn the dispatch for Adela, of which he was the bearer, the drawbridge was let down, and he entered Alba Græca. Every thing appeared tranquil. He had inquired of the first officers concerning the princesses, and had received such intelligence as entirely removed his fears; he therefore advanced without uneasiness, surprized only at the military retinue which he observed on all sides.

On the report of his arrival, all who heard of it hastened to the palace. Soon the whole city knew that Stephen, the beloved general, the astonishing youth, whose arms had never experienced a defeat, and whose victories had saved Servia, was arrived in Alba Græca by the order of Ulric, and that he was going towards the palace. The populace, always in the extreme either of love or of hatred, ran in crowds about him, and by loud acclamations, shouts of joy, and re-iterated applauses, bestowed on him the first recompense of his labour and of his virtue. Accompanied by this numerous and honourable train, Stephen arrived at the palace. He there found the whole court assembled together; Alberti only, with some of the conspirators, being engaged in a private meeting, and busied in contriving means of safety, were ignorant of the arrival of Stephen: the rest, partaking of the general astonishment at his unforeseen entrance into the city, pressed around, watching with restless curiosity the discovery of the orders of which they supposed him to be the bearer; above all things, they could not imagine why the very object of their conspiracy had thus been sent among them. Stephen, a stranger to all these sentiments, and ignorant even of the contents of the dispatches with which he was entrusted, thought only of Adela and Rosislá. They were advancing to meet him along the large gallery of the palace; that immense building, and all the passages to it, were filled with the cour-

tiers and vast crouds of the populace. In the presence of this multitude of witnesses, Stephen saw again his Rosisla, and was to execute his commission. A single look, but one of those expressive looks of which the richest language of lovers is formed, and which love so quickly comprehends and answers as explicitly, told to Rosisla, and repeated to Stephen, all that their hearts were desirous to utter.

Stephen, dropping upon one knee, respectfully presented to Adela the order of which he was the bearer. Adela opened it with eagerness, ran over its contents, and could not believe her eyes, that swelled, suffused with tears. Her heart palpitates—her hand falls on Rosisla, and draws it earnestly towards her—she reads it over again—she attempts to speak, but her respiration is oppressed, and she can only frame inarticulate sounds. “O, my daughter—Stephen, dear Stephen—Rosisla, take, read—At these words, holding the order towards her, on which Rosisla cast her eager eyes, she sunk upon a chair of state, which had been placed behind the two princesses. Rosisla with rapid glances appeared to devour this order of happiness. She threw herself upon the bosom of her mother, while her wandering looks quitted the order, to which they continually returned, but to seek in the eyes of Stephen the explanation of an event which she could not comprehend, which she could hardly believe. Stephen still upon his knee, as much surprised as the numerous witnesses that surrounded him, waited in silence for the interpretation of this mute scene, so animated and so incomprehensible. Adela, hurried beyond herself by the sentiments with which her heart is agitated, disengages herself from the arms of her daughter, and rising with an enthusiasm which she had never before known, and to which nought but a similar event could have given birth, exclaimed, “People, and you, chiefs of the State, hear the commands of your Sovereign. Stephen has saved the empire—Ulric recompenses him for such services. Attend to this order, which I am charged to execute, and which my gratitude, and the gratitude of my daughter, are ready to confirm.” Then, with a loud and animated voice, she read the order written by Guislande; and, as she concluded, she expanded her maternal arms to the over-delighted Stephen, who imagin-

ed himself deceived by some fallacious dream. He rushed into her embrace, and then fell again at her knees, and at those of Rosisla. Uninterrupted applauses, shouts of joy, and general transport, extended through the gallery, were continued by those without the walls, and in an instant were communicated to the whole city. The populace, intoxicated with joy, hurry to the churches, and make the air resound with the glad peal of bells: all appeared as if the most desirable event had just happened to each individual of Alba Græca, while the virtues of Stephen promising at length the long lost happiness of the inhabitants of Servia, made this moment a moment of delight to a whole nation. Stephen, in the presence of so many witnesses, dared not to express the ardent sensations of his heart. He sought the hand and the eyes of Rosisla—he seized that hand, which trembled within his, as he, pressing upon it a furtive kiss, expressed to his mistress all that even so impassioned a lover might desire to utter. Adela, whose heart seemed suddenly conscious of sensations hitherto unknown to its gentle temperament, felt all the uneasiness of their station, and said aloud, “My son, my Stephen, my daughter is thine—embrace thy wife.”—Stephen, rising with noble modesty, while a gentle and amiable suffusion empurpled his countenance with a deeper tint, sought in the eyes of Rosisla the consent that should confirm the words of her mother. Rosisla, affected, opened her arms to her lover, and letting her cheek drop upon his bosom, exclaimed, “Stephen, I obey my mother.” The applauses and shouts of the numerous spectators redoubled, resounding to the very skies. Alberti, surprized by the violent bursts of joy which had at length reached his ears, was at that instant borne by the populace to the feet of Adela. Silent with astonishment, he thought that his eyes deceived him, and could not conceive the reason of what he beheld. Adela rushed towards him, and putting into his hands the order of Ulric, “Read,” said she to him, “and perceive that my husband is just.”—Alberti having read the order, the authenticity of which he could not doubt, remained more astonished than before: he stood awhile immoveable, but recovering the tenor of his mind, as a man superior to accident, and who knows how to take advantage even of what he does not comprehend, he threw himself at the feet of Stephen.

"Prince," said he, "let me be the first to offer you this tribute of homage, which is your due." Then raising and elevating his strong and animated voice, "People," he cried, "Stephen is not my son—his birth is illustrious—it will, when explained, be dear to your hearts. Ulric honours himself, at the same time that he recompences the courage and the virtues of this young warrior." At these words the applause became more violent, and louder shouts resounded on all sides—all the houses of the city were deserted—the inhabitants were all around the palace—even the guards, part of whom had been lately recruited with Servians, and who, from the accounts which had been received from the army, regarded with admiration the youthful warrior, mingled their acclamations with those of the people. Adela, pressed by the orders of Ulric, and still more by her own heart, hastened to execute her delightful duties with all the precipitation enjoined her.

The prelate was already clothed in his pontifical robes; the officers of justice brought the registers destined to ratify this union; the commandant, who had read the order without any doubt of its veracity, went at the head of his officers to do homage to the son-in-law of his sovereign, while conducted by the people to the chapel of the palace, the two lovers received the awful benediction that united them for ever. At that moment the city resounded with renewed acclamations; the people rushed from the palace in torrents along the streets, embracing and congratulating each other on the happy events of this astonishing evening. The flames of ten thousand flambeaux renewed the light of day—the whole night was passed in transports of that pure and lively joy, which the heart alone can produce; never did the most brilliant festival equal in pleasure the confusion of this joyous night.

But this night had far different charms for the enraptured Stephen; intoxicated with happiness which he could not comprehend, he at length escaped from the crowds of grandees and courtiers, who pressed to present him their testimonies of respect, and entering the interior apartment of the princesses, his reason almost bewildered, and all his ideas reversed by love and astonishment, he seated himself at the feet of Rosisla, who was there in the arms of Adela and Alberti. In vain Alberti strove to obtain from him

some information concerning this supernatural event. Stephen could tell no more than what he knew. The sage perceiving that it was impossible to pierce this mystery, and that the very recital of Stephen carried with it contradictions, which rendered the event still more incredible, sought no more to discover the cause, but to draw from the circumstances all the advantages possible.

He took the order, read it over again, and quitting at an early hour the happy pair, who were anxious for that solitude in which the mutual sentiment of their hearts could alone express itself, and leaving to Adela the tender cares, the charming and delightful attentions which her maternal love rejoiced to lavish on her happy daughter, he went to shut himself up in his apartment, to meditate upon the plan he ought to pursue, and the consequences derivable from this surprizing event.

Stephen embraced him and testified to him the excess of his gratitude. Alberti smiled, and Stephen returned to the feet of Rosisla.

Already has Adela prepared the nuptial couch—the lovely pair approached—the respectful delicacy of love is in the eyes of Stephen—the modest expression of happiness tinges the cheeks of Rosisla. Hymen, without Love, may be susceptible of tears—he knows them not when Love precedes and accompanies him.

Adela retires to her apartment; Stephen—but dare I undertake to describe this night of happiness and of transport? No—Modesty, who that night embellished even Rosisla, forbids the recital. To wound Modesty, is to profane Love. Rosisla gave to pleasure all the charms of decency—Stephen gave to desire all those of sentiment. On the morrow, Rosisla, yet more lovely, arose without a blush. Her front, adorned with beams of happiness, manifested, that in souls so pure as hers, the enjoyments of love may be easily blended with the noble confidence of becoming virtue.

During this night of extacy for our amiable pair, and of joyous conviviality for the whole city, Alberti, who had retired into the interior of the palace, saw the principal conspirators arriving one after the other, equally astonished as himself, at perceiving their conspiracy almost entirely

executed, without their having the smallest concern in the transaction. They conceived that the genius of Alberti had contrived and perfected this event by some unknown means, of which he had reserved to himself the secret conduct. Alberti, who felt more than ever the necessity of rallying them around him, and of establishing his superiority with still greater firmness, determined neither to confirm or to destroy the opinions which they had formed, but to turn their error to the general advantage. "My Lords," said he, "our designs are but half completed: Toreslaw still exists; consider him more to be dreaded by us than ever. One of our number has betrayed us all; we are known—we are marked by the tyrant—although an occurrence so astonishing has been able to wrest from him the order for the marriage of Stephen, do not imagine that his will has had any part in the deed—let us not sleep upon the brink of a precipice, because some flowers appear to cover it: let us insist that to-morrow all the civil and military bodies go to take the oath of fidelity to the husband of Rosiska; let this intrepid youth take the command of the garrison, and let us secure ourselves against the partizans of Toreslaw, who may remain in this place: this measure of safety is indispensable. Stephen, beloved in the city, master of the means of defence, will then be able to resist every attack, and in any reverse of fortune, which while Toreslaw lives must ever be dreaded, we shall be always enabled to oppose the violence of his vengeance. I will myself depart for the army to-morrow evening. I will go to obtain intelligence of his situation, and to discover the mystery of a revolution which is indeed astonishing, but of which we ought to profit without losing an instant."

All these measures were unanimously adopted by the conspirators, and executed the next day with the greatest facility: The arrest of some of the creatures of Toreslaw, as much detested as himself, was only a new subject of joy for the whole city, and the soldiers took with enthusiasm the oath of fidelity to the young hero who had rendered their comrades invincible. The city nevertheless still remained shut by the order of Stephen, in consequence of the counsels of Alberti, who thought it of importance that no information of the events that had happened therein should precede him in his intended visit to the camp.

The inispensable and numerous cares to which he was obliged to attend, retarded his departure for twelve hours, and it was not until thirty-six hours after the marriage of Stephen, that is to say, more than two days after that young general had left the army, that he could depart from the city to make his observations at the camp. He disguised himself in such a manner as to render his discovery impossible, and in the habit of a peasant he made all the diligence that his uneasiness and astonishment excited.— He had hardly passed two thirds of his journey before he perceived the army on its march, returning with colours displayed and arms mounted towards Alba Græca. His surprize was increased, and approaching the advanced companies, he endeavoured to learn the causes of this unforeseen and sudden return. He was informed that the very evening which followed the departure of Stephen, the soldiers, who had not seen their general appear among them the whole day, detesting Toreslaw, and believing him capable of the commission of every crime, began to conceive the most anxious uneasiness. Toreslaw likewise having put six of his own guards into irons, without any reason being assigned for this severity, the forty-four others, animated by the spirit of revolt, which began to manifest itself throughout the army, insisted on seeing their companions again. This circumstance had been the signal for a violent insurrection. The six guards being released from their prison, enraged against Toreslaw, declared through every rank that the monster had charged them to assassinate the courageous Stephen that very morning, but that they had disobeyed the dreadful order, and therefore—at these words the fury of the soldiers permitted them to hear no more—the whole army rushed towards the tent of the wretched minister, to avenge the supposed death of Stephen, whom they called their father. Toreslaw endeavoured to escape by flight, but a young soldier, whose life Stephen had twice saved, and who would have given his a thousand times for his general, pursued the miserable Toreslaw, and with all the desperate vengeance his friendship inspired, struck the dastard in the back, and with joy beheld him fall dead at his feet: then, returning amidst his fellow soldiers, he made them swear upon his sword, still streaming with the blood of the traitor, to return to Alba

Græca, there to seek for Stephen, who the six guards had told them was sent there, and if they found him alive, to place him at the head of the empire—if he existed no more, to avenge his death on all the partizans of the infamous minister, and even on the weak monarch himself. This resolution was instantly executed: the army, by a forced march, had advanced a third of the way, bringing Ulric bound and watched by a numerous guard.

These news, however encouraging for Alberti, only augmented his astonishment, and added to the obscurity that enveloped these strange events. "How!" said he within himself, "Stephen ready to be assassinated by six of the guards of Toreslaw, who undoubtedly would have punished them only for having failed in their attempt; how! has he arrived at Alba Græca to become the husband of Rosiska?—How, at the very instant that my conspiracy is discovered, do I behold Zelomir in the arms of his mistress, and the villainous Toreslaw punished for all his crimes?" Alberti, who was tempted for a moment to believe in the possibility of a miracle, while despairing to unravel this mystery so incomprehensible, yet so fortunate, hastened to arrive at Alba Græca. The army commanded by the young soldier, the friend of Stephen, was close behind him, marching all day and night, and Alberti had but just time to inform the young general, the two princesses, and the conspirators, of what had happened. As soon as the news of the death of Toreslaw had spread itself throughout the city, the general joy became almost as rapturous as it had been on the arrival of Stephen. Alberti publicly announced the approach of the army, and the motives which directed its march: the people instantly partook of the sentiments of the soldiery, and rushing in crowds to the palace, demanded Stephen with united shouts to proclaim him the sovereign both of Servia and of Temesvar. Stephen, to be generous and to know how to pardon, wanted neither the counsels of wisdom or the prayers of beauty, appeared at the gates of the palace—"People," said he, "your persecutor is dead, but you have yet your sovereign. I should not merit the honour to which you call me, were I to deprive him of that power which his minister only has rendered odious and formidable, but which his heart, pursuing its own dictates, will soon teach

you to love and revere. Let us hasten to pay him the homage which is due to him—I as a son—you as his subjects, as my friends, as his children.”

At these words he marched at the head of the people, accompanied by Alberti, his mother, and his wife: his example and the admiration inspired by his presence, lead after him all the inhabitants. The gates were opened, and the generous Stephen, on foot and without guards, surrounded by the multitudes who blessed him as they went, set out to meet the army. The advanced parties of horse immediately recognized him, and returned in full gallop to acquaint their comrades with the affecting spectacle they had beheld: the soldiers quitted their ranks to mingle with the body of citizens which was approaching towards them—they prostrated their arms before Stephen——“Stephen lives—Stephen, the husband of Rosisla”——sounded from one party to the other. The tumult of joy became general——“Long live Stephen and Rosisla!” was an universal shout that pierced the skies. The pusillanimous Ulric, who, trembling and abashed, was weeping amid his guards, heard the shout with redoubled tremor which he could scarcely support. After the explosion of the public joy had expanded its violence, Stephen made a sign that he would address them—immediately each called his neighbour to silence, and with difficulty Stephen obtained a hearing for a few words.

“Friends, beloved friends, I share your transport! this testimony of your attachment affords me the highest gratification. Never, no, never can I be sensible of more happiness than that I feel this day in your affections! But, brave fellow soldiers, a duty remains for me to fulfil, which were I to neglect, I am conscious you could not forgive me. It is by the order of Ulric that I am become the husband of Rosisla—it was to load your happy general with honour that he made me secretly quit the army:—your uneasiness was an error, and your friendship for me for a time misled you. Your tyrant is dead—he who would have reversed the favour of your king has suffered by your hands the punishment due to his crimes——But conduct me to the feet of my sovereign and of yours—let me with my wife embrace his knees, and render him that tribute of gratitude which I owe to him.”

D D d

At these words, the soldiers, informed by the populace of the intentions of Stephen, satisfied with being delivered from Toreslaw, and too much attached to their virtuous general not to be sensible of the generosity of his conduct, made the air again resound with shouts of joy and admiration. Stephen exclaimed "Long life to Ulric!" and this new exclamation in every mouth accompanied the cries of "Long live Stephen and Rosisla!"

Stephen and his new family approached the place where Ulric was guarded:—his irons are already struck off, and full of astonishment he comprehends nothing of all that passes around him. Certain that he had signed the order for the death of Stephen, whom he sees at his feet—whom he finds his son-in-law—whom he perceives restoring him to liberty, he remains immoveable and silent, more a machine than ever, permitting all that Stephen commands to be done to him. The generous warrior orders the insignia of power to be brought, and investing the father of Rosisla with them, he assists him to mount a superb horse, and seizing the bridle conducts him to the front of the people and the army, shouting, "Long life to Ulric—long life to my father!" This shout is every where repeated: Ulric as a sovereign re-enters Alba Græca, followed by this immense crowd, and arrives at his palace, supported by his son-in-law and his amiable daughter.

What delightful recompense has the heart of Rosisla reserved for this conduct of her noble husband! No sooner had the approach of night suffered her to be alone with him, than she threw herself at his knees: "Stephen, my beloved Stephen!" said she, "it is now for me to pay thee my tribute of admiration and gratitude—thou, thou art my benefactor—to thee I owe every thing—suffer, nay suffer," continued she, resisting the efforts he made to raise her, "O, suffer me to pour forth the sentiments of esteem with which my heart is overflowing—they are the right of your virtues: virtues I was before partly acquainted with, but which have surpassed all my expectations: whoever thou art—whatever is thy birth—thou art more than my equal, and thy heart, while it elevates thee above all ranks, bestows honour upon me by its affection; and I am proud of the dignity I have gained in becoming the wife of Stephen."

The enthusiasm produced by the generosity of the young general, and by the rapid hurry of the actions of the day, and still more by love contemplating with inward satisfaction its illustrious object, wrought the heart of Rosista to this imperious necessity of expressing aloud her esteem and admiration. Stephen folded her in his arms and pressed her to his bosom, while the softest extacy blended their souls, and this night, devoted to gratitude, was perhaps more delightful than all those which love ever consecrated to pleasure.

The next day, Stephen went to receive the orders of Ulric. Alberti had passed a part of the night with that prince, who, being incapable of transacting any thing of himself, so long accustomed to submit to the counsels of another, and become more insensible by the astonishing situation in which he was suddenly placed, delivered himself entirely to the guidance of Alberti. It was resolved that the army should be encamped in Alba Græca and its environs, until the peace earnestly prayed for by the Bulgarians should be signed. Ambassadors departed with powers from Ulric and Stephen: and the esteem which the name of the latter inspired removed every obstacle. A very advantageous treaty with regard to Servia was speedily agreed to and concluded: the army was recompensed and disbanded: the officers, and the young soldier above all, who had shewn so much attachment to the grateful Stephen, were preferred to the different places formerly held by the tools and accomplices of Toreslaw. The creatures of that infamous minister were arrested, tried, and suffered the punishment due to their criminal baseness. Every thing was transacted in the name of Ulric, by the orders of Stephen, directed by the counsels of Alberti, and tranquility so speedily re-established, appeared scarcely to have been a single instant disturbed.

In the mean time Alberti, impelled by a very natural curiosity, endeavoured to discover the cause of all the events which had happened. He thought that Ulric would without hesitation acknowledge the inducements which had led him to sign the miraculous order, but that impolitic monarch with continued obstinacy persisted in the confession of having only signed an order for the death of Stephen and all the conspirators, excusing himself by meanly

laying the whole criminality on Toreslaw, at the same time assuring Alberti that he understood nothing of all that had taken place; Alberti was therefore convinced, that Ulric had in reality signed nought but that dreadful order.

He then resumed the idea, which he had formed many times before, but which his examination of the outward seal, and still more his esteem for his pupil had made him always relinquish: it was, that a counterfeit order had been made by Stephen, by means of the blank signature which he had given him at their separation.

Yet, to suspect the virtuous Stephen of so serious a deceit appeared impossible—Could Stephen have possessed sufficient audacity, with so little delicacy, as to employ for the success of his amour, criminal by such sinister aid, an order entrusted to him to make use of only on the urgency of threatened death? could Stephen expose the life of Rosislá with his own, and the life of a friend who had been as a father to him?—Could he hazard the paying at so cruel a price for a few days of guilty enjoyment, gained by defrauding the confidence of a mother, and of a mistress? Even supposing him capable of such a transaction, would he have kept it a secret from him since his astonishing success? nothing in all these suggestions appeared probable—besides he shewed no marks of remorse, nor of that inquietude or agitation denoting a painful mystery, which, while shame opposes its avowal, oppresses the soul. On no account therefore could his suspicions concerning the forgery of the order rest upon Stephen. it would have been an injury to the generous youth to suffer such an idea ever to appear in his presence.

Nevertheless, as there remained no other mode of explaining these events, Alberti strove artfully to draw Stephen into a confession of the deed, should it in contradiction to all his conclusions have been committed by him. To sound him, he asked him how he interpreted to his own satisfaction the events which had taken place, and the order for his marriage.

Stephen, who would have sworn by all that he held most dear in the universe, that the packet with which Toreslaw had entrusted him for Adela had been opened by nobody but her, and who had entirely forgotten the blank order, which he had never considered of much importance, spoke

so openly, and answered the enquiring sage with such integrity of heart, that he believed himself married by the order of Ulric, and by an error in the usual subtilty of Toreslaw, who he suspected had been the dupe of some snare which had been spread for him ; that Alberti, convinced of the innocence of Stephen, would have blushed to have retained so injurious an idea. He fell back deeper than ever into a state of astonishment, and saw the explanation of these events, more and more incomprehensible.

The aged pair of the cavern were at length about to unfold this surprising mystery. Little Joseph had been sent twice a day to the city by his mistress, since the daring action which her distracted mind had hurried her to perform. As long as the gates of the city were shut, he had not been able to obtain any replies to his artful questions, but after the death of Toreslaw, and the arrival of the army, communication having been re-established with the country, Guislande learnt with overwhelming joy and astonishment the consequences of her boldness. Her affection for Rosisla and for Stephen inspired her with such animating satisfaction that she could not resist the desire she felt of beholding those to whose happiness she had so much contributed : not indeed to let them know how much she had been the instrument of their union ; such a motive would have been unworthy the heart of Guislande—but, actuated by the natural sentiment of tender curiosity, and by the interesting contemplation of prosperity brought about through her means, by gratitude to Rosisla, and by an unaccountable concern in the welfare of Stephen, she felt herself impelled to behold them once more. She hoped that the princess would still come of herself to visit them : but during the days of trouble and happiness which in their hurried course gave no repose to her ideas, Rosisla thought of nothing but her husband, her passion and the wonderful events which involved her prosperity. In vain had the aged Guislande sent her little messenger daily to the city—in vain had she ordered him to place himself in the sight of Rosisla, Joseph could not get near her, and the desires of Guislande were continually increased by the delay and by the obstacles which they met with. At length, persuaded by her inclinations, she conceived that during one of the festivals given on account of the peace,

she might venture covered with a veil among the crowd, without any danger of a discovery: leaving therefore her husband to the care of little Joseph, she set forwards towards Alba Græca. It was on that day that Alberti had appointed to execute a determination long since framed, and of which many reasons had deferred the accomplishment. He had weighed the dispositions of the principal courtiers, even of Ulric himself, and believed that he might without hesitation make a public discovery of the real birth of Stephen. While Toreslaw lived, while his creatures and his assassins were to be dreaded, he had observed an inviolable secrecy in that respect, except with regard to one or two of the principal conspirators, whose characters he had closely studied, and every body through esteem for him had repressed their inquiries. But nothing now could oblige him to withhold a communication, which was to restore to Stephen his name and his birth, and which would even encrease the affection of the people towards him; for by them the names of Lodonor and of Guislande were cherished with the fondest remembrance. The moment appeared therefore to have arrived, in which he was to shew to Adela and to Rosisla that he had not deceived them, and in which he was to remove from himself every suspicion of personal and guilty ambition. He therefore informed the senators, and caused it to be announced to the people, that by the order of Ulric, in the great cathedral, on the day of the festival, he should unfold secrets of the highest importance to all Servia, the knowledge of which would be a new motive of joy for all the inhabitants. The whole nation seemed crowding to the cathedral: Ulric and Adela, Stephen and Rosisla, with Alberti seated close at their feet, were placed on a superb throne on an elevated balcony, whence they could be seen at all parts of the edifice. The miserable and aged Guislande had eagerly pierced the crowd, which out of respect to her years had often given way to her, and she had already approached the balcony, when raising her eyes she beheld Alberti—she started—his features awakened all her recollection, and trembling with the dread of being mistaken, “Who is that man?” asked she anxiously of those who surrounded her. “Whence come you, mistress?” cried her neighbours—“what, know you not Stephen the physician, hitherto the supposed father of our young prince?” In an instant

the eyes of Guislande are covered with a giddy mist—her limbs became motionless—with a feeble but shrill tone she exclaims—*Zelomir*—then falling back into the arms of those who were near her, without sufficient force to throw herself towards the balcony, or to utter another word, she extends with a trembling arm stretched out as far as her strength would permit, the two half pieces of coin which with extreme difficulty she had drawn from her bosom. Her emotions attracted the attention of Alberti, and of the royal party. Those who supported Guislande had plucked off her veil to give her air—Alberti beholds her, recognizes the two pieces of coin, and seizing the arm of Stephen, "*Zelomir*," cried he, "*Zelomir*, behold thy mother!". Both of them instantly descended from the balcony, both of them instantly fell at the feet of this respectable princess. Rosisla, who recollects her aged confidant, leading Adela with her, hurries down the steps and joins her animating caresses to those of her husband. Guislande recovers slowly from her trance: Alberti and *Zelomir* bear her in their arms to the balcony, while *Ulric*, seated like a statue, remains undisturbed from his usual immobility. "People, inhabitants of *Servia*," cried Alberti to the astonished crowd, "recognize Guislande, the wife of that cherished sovereign for whom you still lament: behold her—she is restored to you: behold the mother of your Stephen,—of your *Zelomir*. He who hitherto appeared to be my son, is the only child of *Lodonor's* that escaped the cruelty of *Toreslaw*." Then opening the bosom of *Zelomir*, "Behold," continued he, "the scar of the wound which he received from the murderers—Behold this half piece of gold, which he has constantly kept, and which belongs to the other half in the possession of his respectable mother. Acknowledge Guislande—pay your homages to her—pay her that tribute of affection and admiration which is due to her.

In the midst of the acclamations, and of the universal display of joy by an astonished and delighted people, in the midst of the shouts of "*Long live Guislande!*"—"Long live *Zelomir!*" Rosisla fell at the feet of the mother of her husband—"Ah! madam," exclaimed she, "will you forgive me for being the wife of *Zelomir?*" Guislande felt all that these few words expressed, and raising

the lovely Rosiska, embraced her, and said,—“ My daughter, didst thou not compel us to love thee ? how can I then repent of what I have done for thee ? ” Rosiska again fell at her knees, which she embraced, and the numerous witnesses hindered them not from yielding themselves up to the most tender effusions of sensibility.

After having devoted some moments to this delightful delirium, Guislande informed Zelomir that his father was still alive, and that the blind old man whom—“ Dear mother,” cried out Zelomir and Rosiska both at once, “ our hearts have already guessed it—let us hasten—O let us hasten to embrace him.”——“ It is for me alone,” added Rosiska, “ it is for me alone to support his unsteady steps—It is I who must restore him all that he has lost.” They then went eagerly towards the doors of the cathedral, supporting and leading with the happy Guislande. As they directed their steps towards the cavern, great part of the people followed them: the news was spread about that Lodonor was still in existence—that they were soon to see him again—that he was about to re-enter Alba-Græca—Fathers were transported with joy, and their children to whom they had mentioned with delight the name of Lodonor, partook of their happiness. The whole city was filled with enthusiastic expectation.

Little Joseph, who heard the approaching tumult, hastily quitted the cavern: having advanced some steps he ran back, crying out, “ Father, do make haste ! here, here, if every body is not come into the wood !—there is my good mother and the princess, and the young man, and such a crowd ! ”—Lodonor, leaning upon the shoulder of the boy, advanced to the door of the cavern. The people stopped at the distance of some paces, while Guislande rushed into the arms of her husband, whom Alberti hastened to support. Zelomir and Rosiska fell at his feet, and Guislande exclaimed, “ My friend—O, my friend, we have found our children again—they are here, my husband—they encircle thee, they embrace thee ! ” “ God be blessed ! ” was ‘all the old man, melting into tears, could utter, as he extended his trembling hands around them. Being informed of what had happened, “ I shall then die happy,” he cried: “ come, my son, my Zelomir—let me press thee to my heart—and thou, worthy Alberti, generous friend,—where art thou ? ”

come, that I may thank thee for thy favours." Alberti would have fallen at his knees, but Guislande hindered him; and guiding the arms of her husband around him, the two friends embraced and wept—Rosiska had seized one of the hands of Lodonor, which she kissed ardently and bathed with her tears.—the sightless old man extended his other hand, to seek from whom he received such tender caresses—he is sensible that it is a woman, who, continually upon her knees, lavishes upon him these mute expressions of her love, "And who art thou?" cried he, "who, then, art thou, who prearest my hand, and who fillest my whole soul with such lively emotions? what new happiness is reserved for me?"—"It is thy daughter, said Guislande, "it is the wife of Zelomir—it is she who has elevated him to the rank of his ancestors—it is she who has replaced thee on the throne thou hadst lost: She it is who succoured us in our misery; whose mother adopted our son when unknown, whose virtues we ourselves have admired, whom, in a word, we ourselves united to our Zelomir." At these last words, astonishment took place of the tenderness which affected every heart—Alberti was at length about to learn the mystery which had given him so much uneasiness. "Yes, continued Guislande, yes my husband, that charming youth, the lover of Rosiska, who visited us in our retreat, was Zelomir himself then unknown to us. That order which I counterfeited during his sleep, the last evening that he came to visit us—that order of which I have spoken so frequently to thee—that order which has filled me with such violent inquietude, and which pity wrested from my soul overpowered by sensibility, and from my distracted reason, united our Zelomir to the virtuous Rosiska: let us bless her—she loved him without knowing him—let her not regret the moment of so happy a discovery." At these words the affected old man raised his feeble hands towards heaven, and cried out, "O, Divine Providence! how wonderful are thy ways!—Rosiska thy father blesses thee—give me your hands, my children—I approve—I confirm your union. May your happiness be longer—far longer than has been my miseries—But what do I say?—my miseries!—they are all forgotten—Embrace me, my children; it is thus that the extinguished sensations of happiness revive in this heart."

Lodonor, thus supported by his children, by his wife, and by his friend, suffers himself to be conducted towards Alba Græca. Some officious courtiers wanted to hinder little Joseph from approaching his aged master—the boy wept, and resisted them all. “I will not leave him,” said he obstinately, “that I will not.”—“Come, my little friend,” said Lodonor, “come here, thou shalt not leave me.” The boy, full of rapture, immediately ran before his good old master, clearing out of his way every stone which might hurt his feet.

The news of these almost miraculous events had already arrived at Alba Græca. From mouth to mouth it had at length reached Ulric, who, having remained in the cathedral until it was almost empty, had retired to his palace with even fewer ideas than ever. At the first report of the return of Lodonor, terror seized his whole frame: dread of that vengeance which his own ungenerous soul left him no room to doubt would be executed on him, determined him instantly to seek for safety in Temesvar. In the midst of the universal joy, he was totally forgotten, and his want of consequence, so absolutely favoured the plan which his pusillanimity had framed, that he was already far from Alba Græca, when Lodonor and Guislande arrived at the palace.

Adela, Zelomir, and Rosista, were the only persons who recollected him. Astonished at not finding him, they guessed, at the sight of the dress which he had quitted, what resolution he had taken: they knew him too well to suppose that he had taken a more fatal one. Lodonor and Guislande were both grieved, that he should thus withdraw himself from their intended pardon: couriers were every where dispatched, and he was soon overtaken*. Adela, his daughter, Zelomir, and Alberti set out immediately to rejoin him. Zelomir gently reproached him for his sudden departure, and in the names of Lodonor and Guislande assured him of their entire oblivion of events which they were convinced did not originate with him: he further proposed to him, on the part of his parents, to return to Alba Græca with his children: but the pusillanimous Ul-

* A passage in the original is here omitted, as it contains an indelicate allusion to the taking the unfortunate Louis XVI. on his escape from Paris.

ric shewed so much repugnance to this proposition, and appeared so earnestly to desire to depart for Temesvar, that Zelomir, whom duty alone would have excited to make him that offer, consented to what he desired, and besought Alberti to complete his kindness, by going to govern Temesvar for him. Adela desired likewise to sacrifice to duty: she would not quit her husband: whatever grief she felt in leaving her daughter and her amiable page, she resolved to go to the court of Temesvar, where it was agreed that reciprocal visits should soften the rigours of that absence to which she submitted. After the most tender adieus and expressions of the most affectionate regard, Zelomir and Rosisla returned by themselves to Alba Græca. This separation, so painfully felt by the most sensible of daughters and by the most excellent of mothers, did not last long. Ulric, whose youth had been a succession of every species of dissipation, and whose weak constitution fear had lately so violently shaken, that it had given it an irrecoverable change, fell suddenly ill, and died in spite of the attentive cares of Adela. His loss could not excite any extreme grief. By the marriage of the heirs of the two States, Temesvar was united to Servia; and Alberti having regulated the affairs of the former kingdom, brought Adela back to the arms of her daughter and of her son-in-law, who, to the last of her days, rendered her the most happy of mothers.

Lodonor, overwhelmed by age, and deprived of sight, would not burden himself with the weight of empire: he consigned his authority to Zelomir, who nevertheless continued strictly to treat his father as his sovereign, and to transact nothing without his knowledge or his orders. In the midst of these marks of the most tender respect, in the midst of the continual testimonies of the affection of Rosisla and of Zelomir, Guislande and her husband arrived at the most advanced old age, imploring daily of Heaven blessings upon their children. They caressed the sons of Zelomir, and having lived long enough to recommend to their example the filial piety of their father, they expired without a groan in the arms of their virtuous descendants. Alberti was unto his death the friend and support of his pupil, and preserved his reason and his strength of mind to a very extended term of years. Little Joseph became

the most handsome and sprightly page of the court. Rosisa, as happy a mother as she was a beloved wife and an affectionate daughter, was at once the object of the happiness of Adela, Zelomir, and of her numerous and amiable children.

Zelomir, sovereign of both states, succeeded in rendering happy his faithful subjects, of whom he considered himself the father. He re-established Alba Græca in its ancient splendour and dignity, and, forgetting not on the throne the principles of his education, he united the philosopher to the prince, the lover to the husband, the friend to the father: his unblemished life was a model for all the duties of society.



Song.

BEAUTY.

*What is Beauty but a flow'r
A rose that blossoms for an hour,
Cherished by the tears of Spring,
Fann'd by every Zephyr's wing;
See how soon its colour flies,
Blushing trembles droops and dies.
Age will come with Wintry face,
Every transient Joy to chace.*

*Friendship's but an empty name
Glitt'ring like a vapish flame
Youth flies fast and soon decays,
Bliss is lost while time delays.
Deck, O deck your couch with flowers,
Laugh away the sportive hours,
Then since Life's a fleeting day,
Ah! enjoy it while you may.
Age will come, &c.*

POETRY.

FOR THE LADY'S MAGAZINE.

A PASTORAL.

Scene :—A delightful Vale, at the foot of a beautiful Mountain.

YE towering hills—ye flowery vales
 Meandering rills and gentle dales—
 To my soft accents lend an ear
 And deign this rural strain to hear.

Ye branching elms—ye lofty pines,
 Robuster oaks, and curling vines,
 With the tall cedars of the plain,
 Oh! kindly hear my artless strain.

Ye rustling leaves, and opening flow'rs,
 Ye spicy groves and pleasant bow'rs,
 Thro' which the sporting zephyrs blow,
 Cease, while my untaught accents flow.

Ye feather'd songsters of the grove,
 Who sing of harmony and love;
 Cease all your warbling strains and hear
 My accents with attentive ear.

Love gently seizes on my heart,
 I feel the soft'ning flame impart
 New vigour to each active thought,
 And passion into virtue wrought.

Some heavenly form I'm sure I saw,
Across the vale now gently move,
Ascend the summit and withdraw
Into the regions far above.

Lend me your wings ye plumed choir ;
Ye soaring eagles aid me there ;
I want not now an angel's fire,
To trace her footsteps through the air.

Oh ! now again, I see her shine
Resplendent, thro' the waving grove :
This distant prospect how divine !
My heart how fir'd with hope and love.

Hark ! hark my soul, she sweetly sings,
See all the warbling choirs attend,
Now stooping with extended wings,
While all the trees in rapture bend.

See where she past along the grove,
New risen flowers strew all the ground,
The lily fair, the blushing rose,
Blooming in beauty all around.

As I advance my heart grows warm,
And beats in an exalted strain :
See ! see she turns and looks on me,
My hopes—my prospects are not vain.

Her radiant eyes my heart inspire,
Her virtuous mien improves the fire.
Love, Friendship, Virtue all combine,
And in their native brightness shine.

PHILOTHEORUS.

A WORD
TO
TWO YOUNG LADIES.

BY ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

W HEN tender rose-trees first receive,
On half-expanded leaves, the shower,
Hope's Gayest pictures we believe,
And anxious watch each coming flower.

Then, if beneath the genial sun
That spreads abroad the full blown May,
Two infant stems the rest outrun,
Their buds the first to meet the day:

With joy their op'ning tints we view,
While Morning's precious moments fly:
My pretty Maids, 'tis thus with you,
The fond admiring gazer, I.

Preserve, sweet buds, where'er you be,
The richest gem that decks a wife;
The charm of FEMALE MODESTY;
And let sweet Music give it life.

Still may the favouring muse be found;
Still circumspect the paths ye tread;
Plant moral truth in Fancy's ground;
And meet old Age without a dread.

Yet e'er that comes, while yet ye quaff
The cup of health without a pain,
I'll shake my grey hairs when you laugh,
And, when you sing be young again.

ROSY HANNAH.

BY THE SAME.



A SPRING o'erhung with many a flow'r,
 The grey sand dancing on its bed,
 Embank'd beneath a hawthorn bow'r,
 Sent forth its waters near my head;
 A rosy lass approach'd my view;
 I caught her blue eye's modest beam:
 The stranger nodded "how d'ye do!"
 And leap'd across the infant stream.

The water heedless pass'd away:
 With me her glowing image staid;
 I strove, from that auspicious day,
 To meet and bless the lovely maid.
 I met her where, beneath our feet,
 Through downy moss, the wild thyme grew;
 Nor moss elastic, flow'rs tho' sweet,
 Match'd Hannah's cheek of rosy hue.

I met her where the dark woods wave,
 And shaded verdure skirts the plain;
 And when the pale moon, rising, gave
 New glories to her cloudy train.
 From her sweet cot upon the moor
 Our plighted vows to heav'n are flown;
 Truth made me welcome at her door,
 And Rosy Hannah is my own.



END OF VOL. III.

